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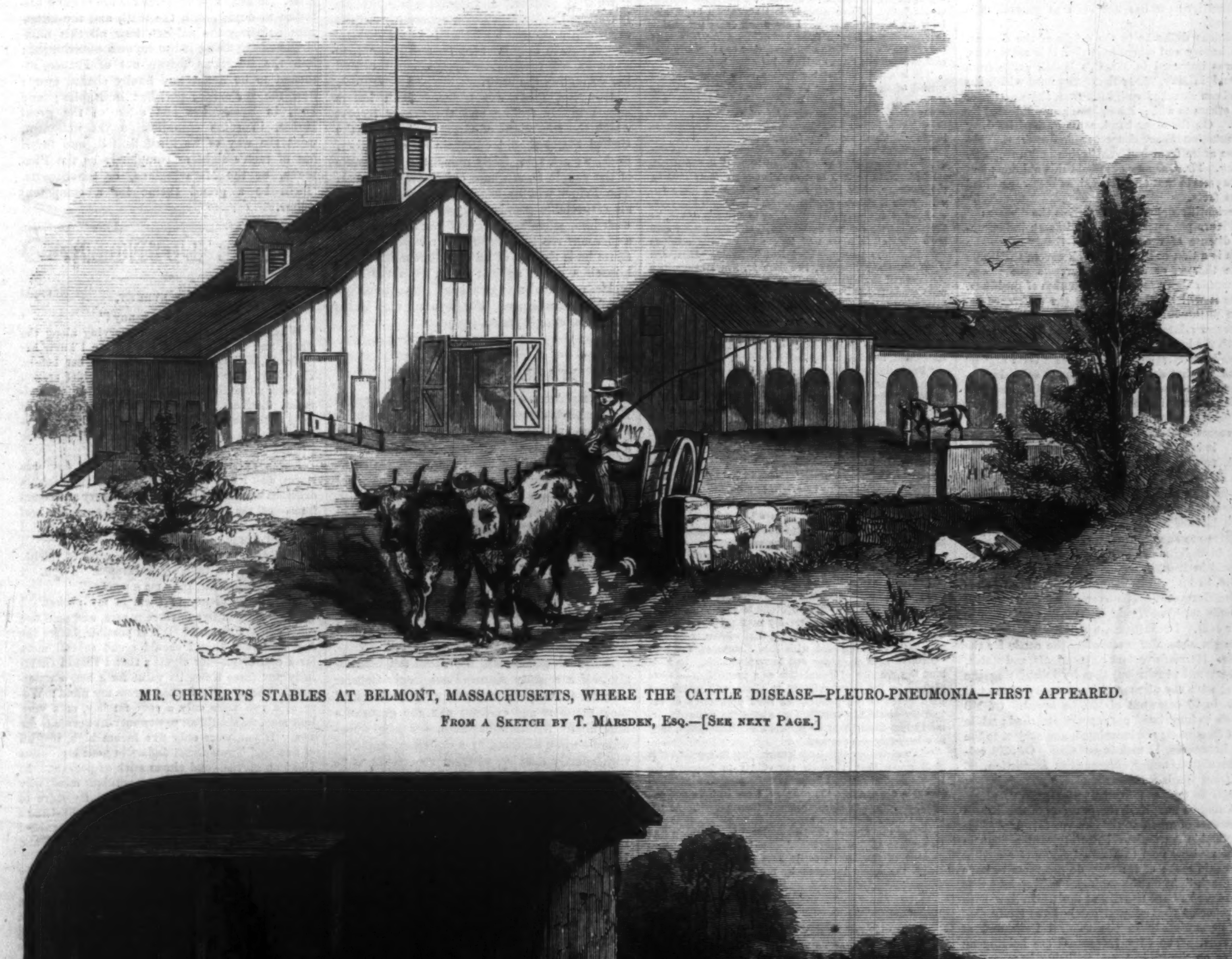


MR. CHENERY'S STABLES AT BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS, WHERE THE CATTLE DISEASE—PLEURO-PNEUMONIA—FIRST APPEARED.

FROM A SKETCH BY T. MARSDEN, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

PART OF MR. CHENERY'S HERD.

FROM A SKETCH BY T. MARSDEN, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

We publish on the preceding page an engraving of the stables of Mr. Chenery, of Massachusetts, the gentleman among whose stock the pleuro-pneumonia—the new cattle disease—first broke out; also an engraving of some of Mr. Chenery's cattle: both from sketches furnished by Mr. Theodore Marsden, of Boston.

It seems that the first deaths from pleuro-pneumonia occurred among some Dutch cattle of Mr. Chenery's, at Belmont, Massachusetts, in June, 1859. The disease spread, and Mr. Chenery lost half his herd, one animal dying after another, until the 8th January last, when the last death took place on his estate. Meanwhile the disease spread to North Brookfield, and one or two other places, and proved destructive in some half-dozen herds. A panic ensued: the Cattle Commissioners and Board of Agriculture took the matter up, and a wholesale massacre of cattle was for some time under contemplation. Legislative interference was loudly called for, and all New England was in a state of frantic alarm. During the past few weeks this feverish state of mind has given way to a calmer disposition. It proves, on inquiry, that not more than half a dozen herds have been attacked; and though the mortality among these has been large, it has not been as general as is supposed.

Opinions differ as to the origin of the disease. Mr. Chenery and others hold that it is contagious, and was imported in Mr. C.'s Dutch cattle from Holland, in May, 1859; that every herd which has since been attacked caught it from these cattle, or from others to which it had been communicated by them. On the other hand, some authorities deny the contagion theory altogether, and assert that the disease arose from bad ventilation and unsuitable feeding. Mr. Chenery once held this opinion; but now reverts to that of contagion, as better sustained by the facts.

A scientific writer thus describes the disease:

"Pleuro-pneumonia is defined as an inflammatory disease of the pleura and the lungs. The pleura is a thin membrane which covers the inside of the thorax, or chest, and invests the lungs. Pneumonia signifies the inflammation of the lungs. Hence it will be observed that the difference between pneumonia and pleuro-pneumonia is, that the former relates to the lungs alone, and the latter to both the lungs and the pleura. Epizootic—pronounced as divided ep-i-zo-*ot*-ic—is a term applied to diseases that are prevalent among animals, corresponding to epidemic among men. Epizooty, a pestilential or infectious disease—a term that may be applied to murrain or other contagious diseases."

It seems that the disease is well known in Europe. It is said to have been introduced into England, twenty years ago, from Ireland, in some Irish cattle. It is not much dreaded there. In Holland it formerly prevailed very generally, and was extremely destructive.

The dates of its appearance in various European countries are thus given by Dr. Willems, of Hassalt: In Belgium in 1820, in Holland in 1832, in England in 1840, in Sweden in 1847, in Denmark in 1848, in Finland in 1850, and since then in Russia and Germany. The average mortality among the herds attacked is said to have been from 30 to 50 per cent. Dr. Willems, who is a scientific man, bethought himself of inoculating the cattle for the disease. He made various experiments, and states, as their final conclusion, that by inoculating the animal with the virus at the extremity of the tail it can, in 99 cases out of 100, be saved. Of 108 animals so inoculated not one was attacked; while out of 20 animals not inoculated, and subject to the same influences, 17 took it and died. Of 5301 cattle inoculated, under Government inspection, 86 died from the inoculation, and 478 were injured; but only 66 took the disease, and all recovered.

As may be imagined, the progress of the disease is a subject of much anxiety to our farmers. The Philadelphia Agricultural Society sent a deputation of medical men to Massachusetts to see what they could make of it: they do not seem to have shed much light on the subject. In Massachusetts cattle-breeders are equally at fault. In New York it is reported that several cattle have lately died very mysteriously in the Central Park and at Yorkville. The City Inspectors are holding an inquiry on the subject, and will shortly report.

Mr. Chenery has written an interesting letter on the subject, which we subjoin:

"Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request, I take pleasure in furnishing you with a succinct account of my last importation of cattle from Holland, and, also, of the disease that subsequently prevailed in my herd at the Highland Farm in Belmont, as is now generally supposed, in consequence of that importation.

"It may be remarked that I had previously made two importations of cattle from Holland, and the extraordinary superiority of the animals received from that source, in comparison either with our native or any of the foreign breeds heretofore imported, induced me to increase my stock of Dutch cattle by further importations, rather than wait the natural increase from those already imported.

"Accordingly, in December, 1858, I transmitted an order to my correspondents in Schiedam, Holland, instructing them to employ a competent person expressly to proceed to the north of Holland and make selections of the best animals that could be obtained, without regard to the expense. Following my instructions, four cows were procured from Purmerend and the Beemster. and were duly shipped at Rotterdam, on board the bark *J. C. Humphreys*, which vessel sailed from that port early in April, and arrived here on the 23d of May, 1859.

"Upon examination the cows were found to be in an extremely bad condition—very much bruised and emaciated—one of them, as the mate of the bark stated, not having been on her feet during the twenty days preceding her arrival; another one was totally unable to walk; and these two animals were accordingly carried to the farm in wagons; the remaining two were driven out.

"Deeming it impossible for the first-mentioned cow to recover, she was, on the 31st of May, slaughtered; and on the 2d of June following the second cow died. At that time, in common with every one knowing the fact in the case, I was so fully persuaded that the bad condition of these animals was caused by neglect on the voyage, that I libeled the vessel, and went through a course of $150 worth of law in my endeavors to obtain indemnity for the loss; but the law is uncertain, and the bark went on her way. My mind, however, remains unchanged with regard to the treatment the animals received on the voyage.

"The third cow of this importation seemed to be doing well until about the 20th of June, when she became sick, and died in ten days after. The fourth cow, Lady Beemster, has, down to this time, shown no indications of sickness, but is, on the contrary, in a thriving condition.

"Early in the month of August following, symptoms of disease were observable in the Dutch cow, Lady Louise (imported in 1852). She died on the 20th of the same month. About this time several other animals were taken sick in rapid succession, and then it was that the idea was first advanced that the disease was identical with that known in Europe as 'Epizootic Pleuro-pneumonia.' From that date every possible precaution was taken to prevent the spread of the supposed distemper, strict orders having been given that no animals should be allowed to leave the farm, nor any strange cattle to come upon the premises. A temporary building was erected in a pasture at considerable distance from the farm-barn, to which the animals not infected were removed, and disinfecting agents were used about the premises, etc.

"The following extract from my letter book, in answer to an application for stock during the prevalence of the disease, will serve to show my views with regard to it at that time: 'I am, at present, obliged to decline any applications for stock, owing to an epidemic disease in my herd. The disease is that known as "Pleuro-pneumonia," and I have already lost seventeen head, and have ten more very sick. I am using every precaution to prevent the disease from spreading, and you will of course see the propriety of my refusing to allow any animal to leave the farm until the infection has ceased.'

"It is manifest that the means used to prevent the spread of the distemper have so far proved eminently successful, inasmuch as, notwithstanding I have lost some thirty animals—nearly half of my whole herd—there has not been a single case of the disease elsewhere in the neighborhood of my farm.

"As there seems to be an impression abroad that the disease in my case was confined exclusively to the Dutch stock, I would remark that such is not the fact: that on the contrary, they have, comparatively, been more exempt from it than any other breed. It is not, however, confined to any particular breed, or to any age or sex, as the full-grown ox, the mature cow, and the young calf have been alike prostrated by it; and of the animals lost, five were thorough-bred Dutch, five Durham, one Ayrshire, one Guernsey, two Jerseys, five Devons, two Natives (all the Natives on the farm), and the remainder were grade Dutch.

"There has been no new case of sickness in my herd since the death of the mammoth cow, Lady Washington, which occurred on the 8th of January; and I am therefore induced to believe that, so far as my animals are concerned, the disease has run its course.

"From the foregoing remarks it will be perceived that some months ago, when the disease was raging, I believed it to be infectious or contagious, but I confess that more recently the conviction has forced itself upon me that it was of an entirely local character; that the lungs of the cattle had become diseased by breathing carbonic acid gas, generated in the cow-house in consequence of insufficient ventilation. The recent developments with regard to the spread of the disease in North Brookfield and vicinity—in tracing its origin to the calves that went from my farm in June last—together with the information that I have just received in a letter from Holland upon the subject, will, I fear, force me back again to the belief that it is the veritable European scourge.

"With regard to the treatment of the disease, I can only say that several of our most eminent veterinary surgeons have availed themselves of the opportunity to study the disease by *post-mortem* examinations and otherwise, and are, doubtless, competent to give valuable information upon the subject. My own private opinion, based upon costly experience, is, that whenever an animal becomes *really sick* with this distemper, the best treatment is to slaughter and bury forthwith. In Holland the practice of inoculation as a preventive—as explained in the letter referred to above, and which has been given to the public—has been productive of extremely gratifying results, for 'where the peasants formerly lost from 50 to 60 per cent. of their cattle, they now lose only one per cent.'

"In concluding this long letter, I beg to say that if it shall prove that, through my efforts to improve the breeds of neat cattle, I have been the means of introducing this disease into the country, I am sure no one can possibly regret it more sincerely than myself. At the same time I find some consolation in believing that—provided the disease can be restricted to any thing like its present limits—the benefits conferred by the introduction of the Dutch cattle here will more than outweigh the losses incurred by the introduction of the disease.

Respectfully,

"Winthrop W. Chenery."

Summer Resorts.

Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Fa ls, N. Y.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Round Hill Water Cure, Northampton, Mass.
Mansion House, Long Branch, N. J.
Union Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 21, 1860.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales left England, we presume, last Thursday, and is now nearing the shores of Nova Scotia. Our next number will probably contain accounts of his landing upon this continent, and in succeeding numbers he and his progress through the British Provinces will naturally occupy a conspicuous place. In August he will probably cross the border, and make a hasty tour through the United States; will be welcomed by the President at Washington; and, unless Providence should intervene to prevent the calamity, will be compelled, *nolens volens*, to grind the political and social axe of "His Excellency" Fernando Wood at New York.

The correspondence between the Queen and the President is published in another column. It is curious. Why should a lady and a gentleman omit the usual formulas of polite society in addressing each other, because they both happen to be sovereigns? Why should the President address the Queen "To her Majesty Queen Victoria," without "Madam," or "Dear Madam," or any similar phrase? If he wrote to a private lady, would he begin his letter—

"Mrs. John Smith,—Your son is on his travels," etc.?

And why should the Queen call Mr. Buchanan "My good friend?" We say "My good friend" to Pat when we want to know what he will charge for carrying our trunk; and to Hans, when we intend to intimate that he is overcharging us on our cabbages. In France a wife calls her husband "My good friend," and brother soldiers address each other by the same phrase; but with us it is almost equivalent to "My good fellow," and implies, in the person using it, superiority of station to the person to whom it is used.

The fact is, we suppose, both the President and the Queen were puzzled what phraseology to use in addressing each other. According to court usage, sovereigns are brethren. When Louis of France wrote to Charles of Spain or George of England, he began his letter with "My dear Brother," and the reply was similarly fraternal. Mr. Buchanan apparently did not fancy calling Queen Victoria "My dear Sister;" and of course ladylike reserve, and perhaps, to some extent, monarchical prejudice prevented her correcting the error.

However, these are trifles. Both letters evince kindly feeling and the proper respect which the sovereigns of Great Britain and the United States should entertain for each other. Both, we are sure, fairly reflect the sentiments of the people from whose chiefs they emanate. The Prince will be heartily welcomed here by all respectable people, not only because we all wish him, when sovereign of England, to have a pleasant recollection of this country, but because he is the son of an excellent mother, and himself a youth against whom even the most reckless scandal-mongers have never breathed the faintest whisper. For a young man in his rank this is high praise.

ITALIAN ASSASSINS.

Young America was accustomed to regard Italian hired assassins as creatures of the half-forgotten past, when the news that Bomba, Junior, had engaged a battalion of them to rid him of Garibaldi dispelled the agreeable delusion. The race thrives, it seems, and on royal pay. Some are poisoners, and deal in aromatic snuff, deadly cigars, murderous cologne, and doubly drugged liqueurs; others—and these are the more numerous—trust to the old-fashioned knife, point held downward, and the pistol with the ivory stock. They are gentlemen of acute perceptions, and quick in action; ready to earn their wage fairly, be it for king or subject. In ignoring their existence Young America proved that he was not posted.

A French gentleman, who lived much in Italy half a century since—Paul Louis Courier—knew them quite intimately, and described their manners and customs with the gusto of a naturalist. An Italian assassin—says he, somewhere—when accosted by a customer, inquires, with courtly suavity, whether the victim is to be sent to heaven or hell? 'Tis a matter of some consequence, as may be imagined; for fifty scudi he will dispatch the Signor to the realms above, but it will cost full two hundred, in hard coin, to send him to the other place. If the customer should chance to inquire how the *sbirro* can thus dispose of the future destiny as well as the present life of his victim, he can be readily satisfied:

"If the Signor has no malice against his enemy," says the business-like *sbirro*, "and only wishes to get him out of the way, I will catch him in some lonely spot, bid him say a hasty prayer, and slay him while he is commending his soul to God and his patron saint; in which event it stands to reason that he goes straight to heaven. But if the Signor desires his enemy's soul to be ruined, I will watch for him till I find him in some deadly sin, and stab him in the act; then, of course, his soul is beyond redemption. But the lowest rate for this is two hundred scudi."

It need hardly be doubted, though we have no information on the point, but the corps of *sbirri* whom the King of Naples has set on the track of the liberator of Italy have been instructed to earn the weightier fee. Garibaldi in the torments of hell is a spectacle which, we are assured, the Neapolitan Jesuits are fond of picturing to the mind of their amiable sovereign.

After all, how pitiable are baffled cruelty, and spite, and tyranny! As the *sbirri* sail from Naples for Sicily gentlemen attached to the Neapolitan Court are selling their furniture for whatever it will command; and real silver spoons, worth four to five dollars apiece, are privately disposed of at a dollar. Even the Jesuits are having lay clothes made, and packing up their treasures. Every body feels that the end is approaching, and wants to turn what he has into money. Nobody believes in the soldiers, or the fleet, or the assassins; every body—to the King himself—believes in Garibaldi. Any thing more humiliating than the altered tone of the official *Gazette* of Naples toward the sometime "bandit and robber, Garibaldi," now "his Excellency, General Commanding," etc.—the disgrace of the four generals who could not make head against the insurrection—the frantic appeal of the King to the Western Powers for protection, backed by a promise to repeat his father's treachery—is not to be found in ancient or modern history.

Young men may discover a fine moral in the destruction which now impends over the Bourbon family at Naples. The modern history of Continental Europe—as written in the stereotyped fashion of the old-fashioned annalists—is little less than a biographical sketch of the Bourbon race. Time was, not long since, when the three finest countries of Continental Europe—France, Spain, and Southern Italy—were ruled despotically by Bourbons. It was the aim—it was almost the boast—of the great chiefs of the House that Europe was controlled by their family. Through what pools of blood, what mazes of deceit, and what scenes of untold popular suffering, the House waded to attain that pre-eminence every school history relates. It only now remains for the coming historian to depict, with the truth and the bitterness befitting the subject, how all this monstrous wrong-doing led to its own punishment; how the Bourbons, driven out of France, returned to be again and finally chased away; how the same race perished in Naples; and how, in Spain, the last scion of the great House, in some complication yet unknown, went the way of its kinsfolk, fell, and faded out of men's sight as completely as the Pharaohs, or the Merovingians, or the Stuarts. 'Twill be a grand theme for a competent writer.

THE LOUNGER.

IN THE STREET.

"Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

What was I to do? I was hurrying along the street, and as I looked at the woman I knew her perfectly, although I had never seen her before. The dirty, limp dress; the dirty kerchief around the neck; the dirty hood upon the head; the universal dirtiness, and vague unclean odor; the hang of the head, and whining voice—they are every where—many, yet one.—"Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

I was extremely comfortable. The day was warm, and I was coolly clad. I had risen from a delicious breakfast—it was in strawberry and cream time—and the world and life seemed to me the best possible contrivances for happiness. Tra-la-la. I hummed a tune. I felt airy like Mercury. I walked rapidly, from mere exuberance of spirits. I tilted along on tip-toe. I skipped. I ran. I flew.—"Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

There were plenty of them in my pocket. I had just bought two or three papers, and paid two cents apiece for them. It was possible, before the day was over, that I should spend several more for a cool drink—for cigars; that I should cheerfully pay three times its value for a hat, a waistcoat. The thought flashed across my mind: Woman, if you were only a very fat boy, or a very lean man, we should all pay twenty-five cents to see you. If you were only five inches high, instead of five feet, 'twould rain dollars in your lap. But I had on gloves—and gloves stick at pockets. In Heaven's name, continued my petulant mind, why don't you walk on a rope from Trinity spire to Paul's? Why don't you paste your husband's hair on your chin, and be a celebrated bearded woman? Why don't you be a What is it, and coin money?

The hand was long and dirty, and tremblingly unclosed, as it was held out with the consciousness that nothing would be put into it. Is that what lovers kiss and poets swear by? Has that parted children's hair upon their foreheads, and smoothed the hot brow of a husband? Is that wrinkled, grimy, shapeless— "Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

Woman, take care! You are a vagrant. You are a nuisance. What right have you to stop passengers upon the highway? Do you see that policeman in a glazed cap, and blue coat, and bright star, yonder? I am sorry—I regret exceedingly—that my duty as a citizen, my profound regard for the honor, dignity, and peace of the commonwealth, compels me to call upon the official servant of the law, and hand you over to the sad, serene justice which sits in the City Hall, that you may be tenderly admonished to go and be—punished. Yes, woman, this is no place for sentimentality. I am mild, not maudlin. You are breaking the law. Vagrant, avaunt! Officer!—"Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

Give you a penny? Why, woman, do you openly asperse my moral character? Do I not know—do not all these, my fellow-citizens, who are hurrying down to get their July dividends—know perfectly well that you will slink away to the next corner and spend it in rum?—that you will get drunk, and lie in the gutter, where you seem to have slept last night? Do you wish to ensnare me to be a procurer for your horrid appetites, and buy poisoned whisky to make you a little more brutish than you are now? Why don't you go and work? Why don't you earn money honestly? Why the deuce shouldn't you give me a penny?—"Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

I had kept my grand battery in reserve. You are probably an impostor, woman. As I said it I looked at the gown and the hood and the handkerchief. Yes, you are undoubtedly an impostor; and where should we be if indiscriminate street-giving were tolerated? No, no, madame, indiscriminate street giving is the death of true charity. You are aware that there are several associations for the relief of the poor, I suppose? You have heard of the ticket system? Exactly; where is your ticket, please? I'll trouble you for your properly authenticated credentials of poverty. (I scanned her face, hands, figure.) You can not expect me to wrong the honest poor (I looked immensely virtuous and spoke with lofty severity)—the *honest* poor, I repeat; of course you do not expect me to wrong them. Not at all, not at all. If, therefore, you will call at my office today between three and four I will give you a ticket which will entitle you to have your case looked into as soon as the proper person can spare the time. Between three and four. Hem!—"Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

I do not think she understood me. Her face was very gaunt and sallow. I wondered in what cellar she lived. I thought of the long, long days that dragged her through life, starving and whining; of the slow death she died all the time; of the utter absence of hope, decency, comfort, cheerfulness in her existence. I thought how sternly she should be refused a penny lest she might get drunk upon rum at the corner, and how calmly we all go out to dine, and how familiarly we nod with people who only get high at black walnut tables.

Look here, I said to myself, if you mean to go with this woman and ascertain all about her, and help her, and show her how to help herself, good, and may God go with you! But if you don't mean to give her any thing, don't blarney. If you are going by, don't let her starve because she might get drunk. Don't let her starve because she tells lies. Don't let her starve because she won't go to work. How do you know she won't? How do you know that she can? How do you know that she is a liar and a drunkard? Did you ever see her before? Did you ever hear of her before? Do you know any thing about her except that she is entirely wretched and forlorn? You think that you know that sort of thing at sight. —"Please, Sir, give me a penny!"

Yes, woman, yes; and all the more shame to me that I give only the money, and not a moment, not an effort, not a kind word or look, not a thought really to help you.—"Thank you, Sir."

I hurried along and met old Solomon Gunnybags at the head of Wall Street. "It's awful hot," said he; "come round to Delmonico's and have something to drink." As we sat smoking very choice Havanas and sipping admirably mixed juleps, Mr. Gunnybags said to me: "I wish the police would look after these infernal street beggars a little. If people would only agree not to give 'em any thing to go and get drunk on, they'd clear out fast enough. For my part, I never give a cent in the street, Sir; not a cent; upon principle, Sir, principle. Have another julep? Here, *garcong!*"

CONFERRING THE DEGREES.

THE heat ripens Bachelors of Arts, and, in fact, candidates of every degree. The crop is always plentiful: so abundant that it is ceasing to be valuable in the estimation of many. But why so? The whole system of degrees, as originally understood, is obsolete; but it has a new and intelligible modern significance. It is very useful as a register and meter.

When, for instance, the clustering graduates, in rustling gowns, surround the venerable President, capped like a Judge at the Old Bailey in the act of sentencing pirates to death, and receiving from him the mystic parchment rolled with ribbon blue, have henceforth the right to add to their names A.B., it does not mean only that they have achieved the alphabet, but that, for four consecutive years, they have smoked, played billiards, rowed, boxed, driven horses, gamed, drunk, and studied Latin, Greek, and mathematics. A.B. stands for all degrees of those performances, and for some others not enumerated.

When the mystic A.M. is conferred, it means surely that the recipient is a friend of some member of the government of the college, who likes to offer a pretty and public compliment. Or, when it is "conferred in course," it means that the recipient graduated three years before, and has now paid five or six dollars into the treasury of his *alma mater*.

D.D., again, indicates that the individual so designated is a prominent, or, if not prominent, then a somewhat elderly clergyman of the persuasion to which the college belongs. That he is especially learned in Divinity is neither assumed by the college nor understood by the public.

The LL.D. is a more catholic degree. To receive this it is required only that the person be a very distinguished public personage, or a peculiar benefactor of the college, or a private person of no known claims. Every body is in danger of catching the LL.D.

When Major-General Andrew Jackson went to Cambridge College, in Massachusetts, they made him a Latin speech and an LL.D. It reminded the spectator of Erasmus going into Italy and receiving the Doctorate at Turin. Only, of course, in the latter case, the bestowal of the degree meant that Erasmus was a learned man; and in the former, that General Jackson was President of the United States. But when you understand it, it is all right, for words and letters are intended to convey ideas. The American colleges read their titles clearly enough, and take care that the American people shall do the same.

And England is not very far behind in the modern improvements and the luxuries of the summer season. Oxford has just made Captain M'Clintock Doctor of Civil Law. He is one of the gallantest of English seamen, there is no doubt; and it was quite as sensible to make him a D.C.L. because he found the remains of Captain Franklin's expedition as it would be to make Lord Brougham an R.N. because he is a learned scholar.

To our own, our native colleges, a little hard-pushed for candidates, the Lounger would humbly suggest the eminent Mr. Heenan, as properly entitled to the honorary degree of LL.D.—or will it be more in rule to wait until he shall have been made President?

IDIOTS AND CRETINS.

IN the *Weekly* of 23d June the Lounger described "a little Journey at Home," to the private school for idiots of Mr. Richards. A gentleman who has been long familiar with Mr. Richards and with the subject of training for imbeciles, has sent the Lounger a letter, too long for insertion here, but full of interest.

He states that St. Vincent de Paul established the first asylum for foundlings, two centuries ago, in France; and it is about one hundred and fifty years since the Abbé de l'Epée founded the first school for the deaf and dumb at Versailles. In 1842 Dr. Goggenbühl organized the first school for idiotic children at Abendberg, in Switzerland. In 1848 the Lounger's correspondent and Mr. Richards went together to Paris. He continues: "As he could not speak French, I went with him to Bicêtre, and introduced him to M. Vallée, the principal of the institution. There we found eighty idiotic boys. We saw them in the work-room, where some did carpenter's work, others made shoes, and others were engaged in any labor or trade for which they evinced most disposition. We also witnessed their gymnastics; and visited the school-room, where they were taught to read, write, cipher, and draw. All of these exercises and studies were performed with an almost military precision. M. Vallée told us that he had sent some of his pupils to houses in Paris, where they gave great satisfaction to their employers. Seeing the enthusiasm of the young American, M. Vallée consented to have Mr. Richards board with him at Bicêtre, so as to enable him to be present at all the exercises, and become familiar with all the details of the school. Now our young philanthropist was in ecstasy! He staid there until he had acquired a knowledge of the management of such an institution, and returned to America. He has since established similar schools in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; he has been the means of having them founded in New York and Ohio; and the day is not far off when every State in this Union will have a school for idiots."

He asks, and justly, Why should not New York, among her numerous charities, count a school for idiot children? He has "seen our idiotic children on Randall's Island, consisting of twenty-two boys and fourteen girls; they have, thus far, been kept together without any systematic instruction. There these thirty-six unfortunates not only stagnate but retrograde in the scale of humanity. What a libel on this opulent metropolis!"

The Lounger does not forget his promise of another journey to Mr. Richards's school, and a further account of it.

THE HEROICS OF HANGING.

BEFORE this is read Hicks the pirate will have been hung upon Bedloe's Island. The day and the event are already regarded as a festival; and there can be very little doubt that much more harm than good will come of this particular execution. To a man like Hicks, to almost all murderers like him, where the crime is a malicious, and not a sudden, passionate act, a public execution, with its peculiar notoriety, is a thousand-fold more agreeable than a life-long confinement in obscurity. Moreover, the result of prevention of crime, which is looked for in the horror of a hanging, is defeated in such an execution as this, by the fact that it takes place upon an island, is seen from the water, and of course at such a distance, for the most part, that the horror is only theatrical, like that of seeing a man at a great distance fall from a balloon. All experience shows, also, that a man about to be hung is invested with a melodramatic interest in the minds of those who are to be especially affected by his death, so that the object is again defeated.

The certainty of adequate punishment, with no glamour of the heroic, is what should be sought by the criminal law. If a man commits a capital crime, he knows that the instinctive repugnance to hanging felt by many persons, and arising from many reasons, is a great chance in his favor. The appeal to executive clemency, under which many a kind-hearted man must give way, is another. At worst, the newspapers will make him the hero of a month, and a spurious sympathy will console him.

If it were not a part of the penalty of a murder that the murderer should figure as a hero—if he knew that when he was convicted his communication with the world in the shape of newspapers ended, something, at least, of the sickly nimbus of great crime, which is undoubtedly alluring to a certain class of men, would be dissipated. If there must be hanging, let it be solitary and dreadful, not a public pastime; and if by every possible means all account of it except the official report could be prevented, public morality as well as decency would be the gainer. That the culprit wore a blue shirt and white trowsers; that his coffin was mahogany, or black walnut, or rosewood; that his name was engraved upon a silver plate, and that he took three lumps of sugar in his morning's coffee, are facts of no value to any thing but a prurient and morbid curiosity. Let us have an end of the heroics of criminal hanging.

NORTHWARD HO!

THE expedition of Dr. Hayes has sailed from Boston, and a Boston paper declares that some four thousand dollars, which were subscribed for it in New York, were not paid because the Doctor did not sail from that port. There is something so supremely ludicrous in such a statement that one hopes, for the sake of genteel comedy, that it may be so. Meanwhile, let us not believe it. It is too good to be true.

But as it is told, the story illustrates the motive of a great deal of public subscription. When you read the long list of names appended to some enterprise, which is quite sure to reflect renown upon all who are more or less concerned, is there not a secret feeling that without the prospect of the reputation the subscription would be small? No fame, no pay. Dear Doctor, we will severally pay a hundred dollars for your great and generous and heroic and so forth project, provided that your expedition departs from our harbor, and that our names shall be identified with the whole affair. As for our caring a straw whether there is or is not an open polar sea—! Gammon, dearest of Doctors, pure gammon. We want New York to be the great commercial emporium. We want this charming city to have the credit of your enterprise. We want, best of medical men, to eat our cake and have it.

I do not believe the story! But if it were true, it would serve also to show the gentle jealousy which prevails between the two great cities. Is it for the honor of New York or Massachusetts—for Wall Street or State Street—that this expedition goes to explore the purlieus of the North Pole? Is it not first for science, then for America, and then for the world? From what port did M'Clintock sail? Who cares? From what port sailed Mungo Park? Who cares? The glory is England's, and all its cities share it. And if, as all honest hearts will pray, the Doctor safely and triumphantly returns after his three years' cruise, the praise will not be New York's nor Boston's, but the country's. And due notice will be taken of it on the Fourth of July, 1864.

POPULAR PRICES.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Am I to suppose, from what you say about the high price of admission to the *Great Eastern*, that you approve of charging enormous sums for entrance to popular exhibitions?

"Yours truly, GUNTLEFINGER."

Certainly not, unless you wish to. It is a simple question of economy—can more be realized by an exhibition at a dollar than at twenty-five cents? For the object of the exhibition, you will understand, is not to gratify a laudable curiosity, etc., it is to try what can be done to make up the enormous loss already sustained in the construction of the ship. As a general rule, it is undoubtedly true that a low price of admission to popular exhibitions is more profitable than a high one; but in this particular case it was perfectly fair to presume that there were enough persons who wished to see and study the great ship without the inconvenience of a crowd, who would pay a dollar for the privilege. If this were an erroneous opinion, nothing was easier than to change the price.

As for the talk about "exclusiveness," and so forth, it is merely absurd. Probably it is democratic to get the highest price you can for your wares; and as the Company wanted only dollars, they were not likely to be very fastidious in the choice of the people who should pay them. If they had supposed more money could be made by putting the price at five dollars, they would wisely have charged that sum.

There is another view, of course. Upon the supposition that the object of the exhibition was to give pleasure to the largest number of people, it was foolish to charge a dollar for admission. But that is an entirely distinct point; and it is a principle as applicable to every kind of bargain. If the object of the tailor be to clothe the largest number of persons at the cheapest rate, he does very foolishly in charging a hundred per cent. profit. But if he wish to realize a fortune for himself in the shortest possible time, he is probably a very wise fellow in doing it. You may view the matter, therefore, gentle Guntlefinger, either as a trader or a philanthropist; but you must take care not to confound the two. As traders, people try to help themselves—as philanthropists, they try to help other people.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE Roman Catholic priests of Ireland boast themselves to be Fishers of Men. Not content, however, with catching fish, they also crimp them.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What do you think of Louis Napoleon's last move?
Decidedly a Baden (a bad 'un).

A NEAT QUOTATION.—When the Sicilian population wished to fire on the ships sent for the use of General Letizia in embarking the garrison of Palermo, Garibaldi remonstrated with them in the well-known lines from Horace:

> "Natis in usum Lætitiæ scyphis
> Pugnare, Thracum est."

Anglicè: "It would be barbarous to attack the ships sent for the use of Letizia."

In addressing a jury upon one occasion, the celebrated Lord Jeffrey found it necessary to make free with the character of a military officer who was present. Upon hearing himself several times contemptuously spoken of as "the soldier," the son of Mars, boiling with indignation, interrupted the pleader, "Don't call me a soldier, Sir; I'm an officer." Lord Jeffrey immediately went on: "Well, gentlemen, this officer, *who is no soldier*, was the sole cause of all the mischief that had occurred."

The health of an agricultural laborer in one of the rural districts in the East Riding having somewhat declined, he called in a medical man, who at once put him on low diet. After a few visits the doctor found his patient so far improved as to warrant his taking something more substantial than gruel, and he accordingly requested the man's spouse to furnish her husband with a little animal food once or twice a day. The wife said nothing; but no sooner had the doctor departed than she bolted out of the house and shouted to a neighbor, "What do you think they've ordered for our John to eat now? Animal food!"—"And a very good thing, too," replied the neighbor. In a passion the former exclaimed, "Why, you're just as bad as them! How is it likely our John can eat hay and straw, and such like stuff? Besides, he has no teeth." The man was in receipt of parochial relief, and his wife, not entertaining the highest opinion of the liberality of the rate-payers, suspected that there had been some suggestion on their part, particularly as the medical gentleman was the parish surgeon.

The *Memorial Bordelais* says, that near St. Sevier there lives an old soldier with a false leg, a false arm, a glass eye, a complete set of false teeth, a nose of silver, covered with a substance imitating flesh, and a silver plate replacing part of his skull. He was a soldier under Napoleon, and these are his trophies. He must be a splendid specimen of composite architecture.

SCENE—A RESTAURANT.

COCKNEY WAITER. "'Am, Sir? Yessir! Don't take any thing with your 'am, do you, Sir?"

GENTLEMAN. "Yes, I do; I take the letter H!"

A funeral had been appointed to take place at half past two o'clock, and the clergyman appointed received, in the course of the forenoon, a request from the funeral party to the effect that they hoped he would make the funeral an hour earlier than that proposed, as they wished to go to the circus in the afternoon.

Two newly-made justices of the peace met a Rev. Mr. Thom, as he was riding home, and resolved to quiz him. "Ah," said one of them, "you are not like your Master, for he was content to ride on an ass."—"An ass!" exclaimed the minister; "there's no such a beast to be gotten nowadays."—"Ah! how's that?" said the wits. "Because," replied Mr. Thom, "they now make them all justices of the peace."

A THRILLING SCENE.—A noise was heard on deck, the dog-watch sprung from his caboose, seized the gig-whip, and laying over the dead-eyes of the buoy, made him shin up the bowsprit, catch hold of the skye scraper, which he used so freely on the keelson that he rubbed off the shoe of the anchor, which was caught by the cat harpings, who commenced to spanker with the boom till she burst through the stays, cutting the topsail ties, grabbed the monkey's tail, which knocked a Jew's eye out of the Turk's head, caught the ship round the waist with one hand, boxed the compass with the other, till the cook cried, and the captain applied the leaches of the foresail to the inflamed eye of the astonished needle.

The man who "dropped a remark" had better advertise for it.

Why is every teacher of music necessarily a good teacher?—Because he is a sound instructor.

Why is a horse the most miserable of animals?—Because his thoughts are always on the rack.

An old bachelor says that during leap year the ladies *jump* at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

Elderly unmarried ladies are considered by some persons the least enviable of all kinds of *waiting-maids*.

"We don't like promising young men," said an Oxford trader the other day; "we'd much rather they'd pay."

Give us what you think the finest specimen of gold in the world, and we will wager its value that it can be *beaten*.

Dr. Johnson left it on record, that as he was passing by a fishmonger who was skinning an eel, he heard him curse it because it would not lie still!

One of the latest interpretations of the character of *Hamlet* is that he was a gambler; for he says, "How absolute the *knave* is! we must speak by the *card*."

A little boy, returning from the Sunday-school, said to his mother, "Ma, ain't there a *kitty*-chism for little boys? This *cat*-echism is too hard for me."

"Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present from his employer, "I always mane to do me duty."

"I believe you," replied his employer; "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."

"Thank yer honor," replied Pat; "and may all your friends and acquaintances trate you as liberally!"

A lady of fashion, upon being told one of her six-footed servants had been married the previous day to her lady's maid at the aristocratic church near Hanover Square, was so scandalized, that, forgetting her position, her English, her placidity, and all the other proprieties of life, she exclaimed most bitterly, "It's too bad, I declare, to turn St. George's in this way into a *low-menial altar!*"

A good story is told of Lord Bath. He owed a tradesman £800, and would never pay him; the man determined to persecute him till he did, and one morning followed him to Lord Winchelsea's, and sent up word that he wanted to speak with him. Lord Bath came down, and said, "Fellow, what do you want with me?" "My money!" said the man, as loud as ever he could bawl, before all the servants. He bade him come the next morning, and then would not see him. The next Sunday the man followed him to church, and got into the next seat; he leaned over and said, "My money! give me my money!" The sermon was on avarice, and the text, "Cursed are they which heap up riches." The man groaned out, "O Lord!" and pointed to my Lord Bath. In short, he persisted so much, and drew the eyes of all the congregation, that Lord Bath went out and paid it directly.

"Come here, my little man," said a gentleman to a youngster of five years, while sitting in a parlor where a large company was assembled. "Do you know me?"

"Yith, Thir."

"Who am I, then? Let me hear."

"You ith the man that kithed mamma when papa was in Thuffolk."

A HORRIBLE COMPOUND.—The Lord Chancellor has introduced into the House of Lords a Bill for the fusion of Law and Equity. What a mixture! It seems like a combination of strychnine with prussic acid.

We pity the family that sit down to a broil three times a day.

If a lady marries a man against your advice, take ours, and don't call on her till the honey-moon is over.

We fear that some great men now lie in Westminster Abbey, who, in their lives, lied in Westminster Hall.

LEGISLATION FOR LITTLE FOLKS.—The House of Commons is proceeding with the Bleaching and Dyeing Works Act, designed to prevent the overworking of helpless children. In consequence of the enactment of this measure, Dyeing Works, it is to be hoped, will cease to be Killing Works.

The question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to take it when they get a chance.

A sleepy churchwarden, who sometimes engages in popular games, hearing the minister use the words, "shuffle off this mortal coil," started up, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, "Stop, stop! It's my deal."

A gentleman having a horse that ran away and broke his wife's neck, was told by a neighbor that he wished to purchase it for *his* wife to ride upon. "No," said the wretch, "I intend to marry again myself."

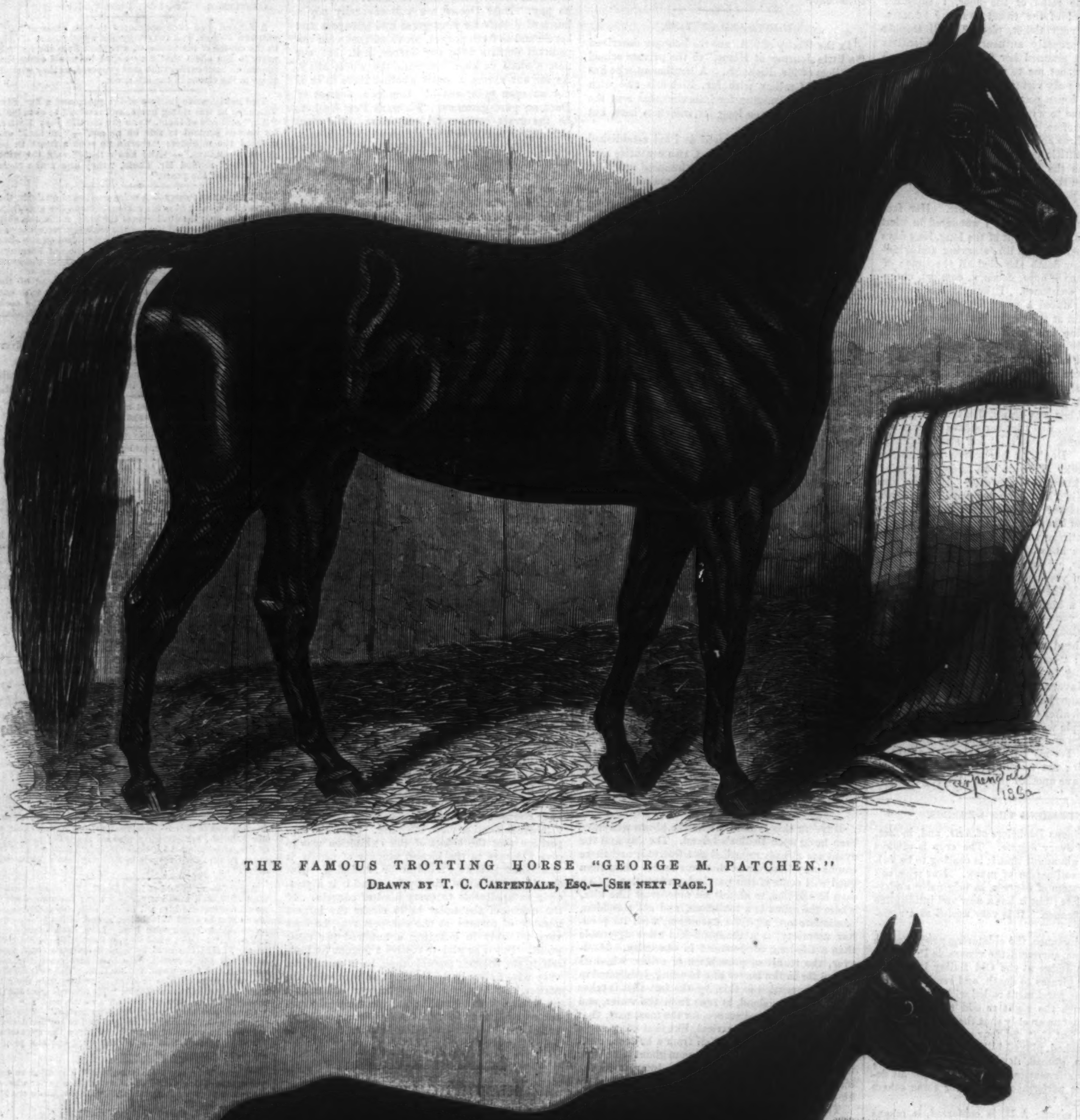
A country paper, in an obituary notice, speaks of the deceased as being "a most estimable young man and devout Christian *until* the day of his death." Pity the young man had not died sooner, to save his reputation.

A drunken man, in trying to walk by a lamp-post last night, made a decided hit.

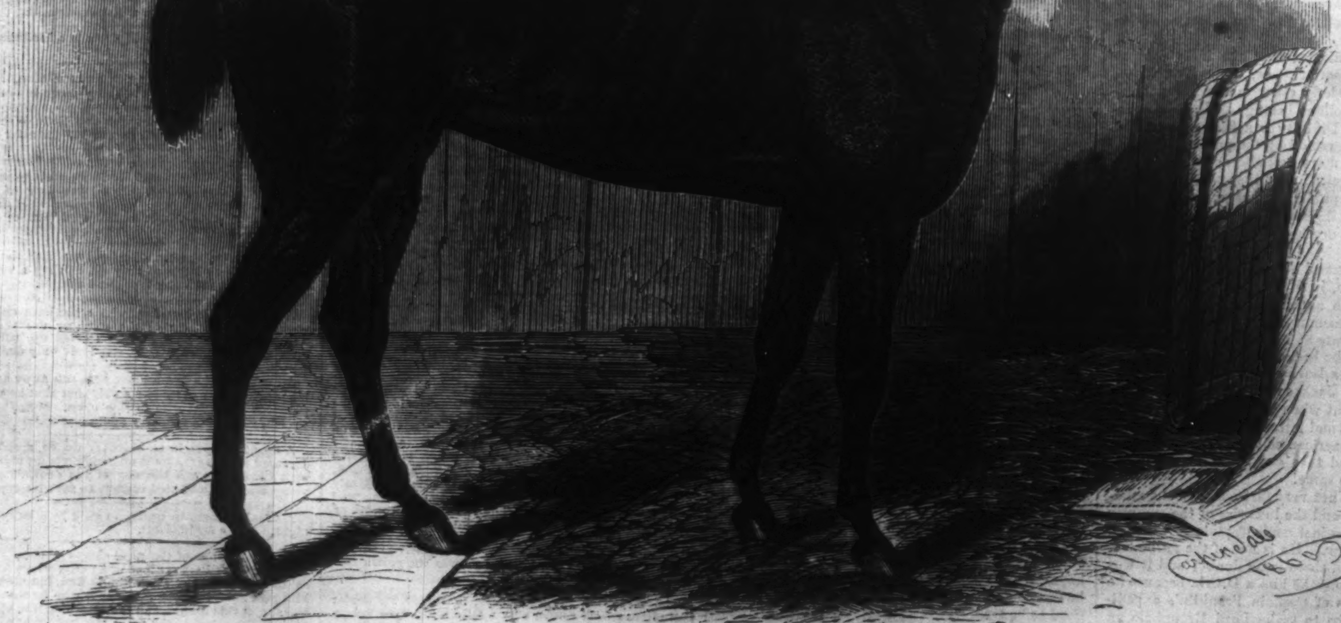
Maltby was one of the most absent of men. While in Paris together Rogers dined at a party, where a lady who sat next him did not know him at first, but after hearing him talk for some time discovered who he was. Maltby was not at this dinner, and Rogers telling him of this lady said, "She asked if my name was not Rogers." "And was it?" inquired Maltby.

The prettiest trimming for a woman's bonnet is a good-humored face.

OUR AMERICAN TROTTING HORSES.



THE FAMOUS TROTTING HORSE "GEORGE M. PATCHEN."
DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE FAMOUS TROTTING MARE "FLORA TEMPLE."
DRAWN BY T. C. CARPENDALE, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

PATCHEN.

THE deceptive form and qualities of Patchen (of whom we publish a portrait opposite) have been the theme of discussion among thousands of his admirers. His tremendous speed and undoubted bottom have placed him in an enviable position, whence, we presume, it will be no easy matter to dislodge him. His defeat of the "Queen of the Turf," on the Union Course, Long Island, June, 1860, was as clear as it was unexpected. If we study his formation, we shall find him to be a horse possessing very rare qualities, and uniting the several points of the thorough-bred with those of the cart-horse in an extraordinary degree. While the head, neck, and body are evidently those of the well-bred, or even thorough-bred race-horse, the legs, as far as the hocks, possess the muscular dimensions of the ordinary dray-horse, which exhibit, especially in the fore-arm, a symmetry and power truly astounding. The circumference of the arm of Patchen is four times that of the leg below the knee; hence the tremendous action and speed. This same peculiarity exists in the celebrated "Toronto Chief"—a horse, at first sight, appearing heavy, and even clumsy, but upon close examination of his frame it will be found that the greatest similarity exists between the form of Patchen and Toronto Chief. Both appear large, heavy horses at first sight; but this heavy appearance, in both cases, is the consequence of a more than ordinary development of muscular power.

Patchen possesses much kindness of disposition, a sound and hardy constitution, and a frame of more than ordinary beauty.

He was sired by Cassius M. Clay, by Henry Clay, by Andrew Jackson, dam by Bashaw, etc., etc.; proving him the descendant of a race of heroes of the turf.

His color is a rich, glossy bay; with legs, mane, and tail black.

The back is straight; loins strong; quarters very large and muscular; tail well put on, and falling to the ground; head and neck of faultless symmetry; legs strong, and feet good.

Our illustration, drawn from the life, will serve to show how deceptive is the form of this wonderful horse; but how perfect are his points, and what a study do they present to the horseman!

FLORA TEMPLE.

THE portrait of this little trotter on the opposite page will be hailed with delight by our readers. Our space is too limited to admit of a lengthy description of her matchless performances. We will, therefore, notice her chief characteristics of form, and refer our readers to the portrait from life.

Flora Temple is a light bay, with black mane, tail, and legs. Her outline is peculiarly striking, particularly that of the head, neck, and ear, which bear a close resemblance to the female of the American deer in delicacy of formation and vivacity of motion. The legs are remarkable for their great sinew and solidity, though clean and finely set. The neck is long, nostrils very expansive, wither much elevated, shoulder large and muscular, loin and quarters compact and very *wiry-looking*. But that which distinguishes Flora more particularly is the prominence of her eye, which is large, fiery, and projecting; and this has given rise to the popular belief that she can see what is behind as well as before—a very great advantage to her in a race.

But though her points as a first-class trotter are perfection in themselves, she does not convey the idea of a well-bred horse; neither does she evince any striking indications of great strength, speed, or endurance; being, as they used to say at the Derby, "*a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go.*"

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

X.

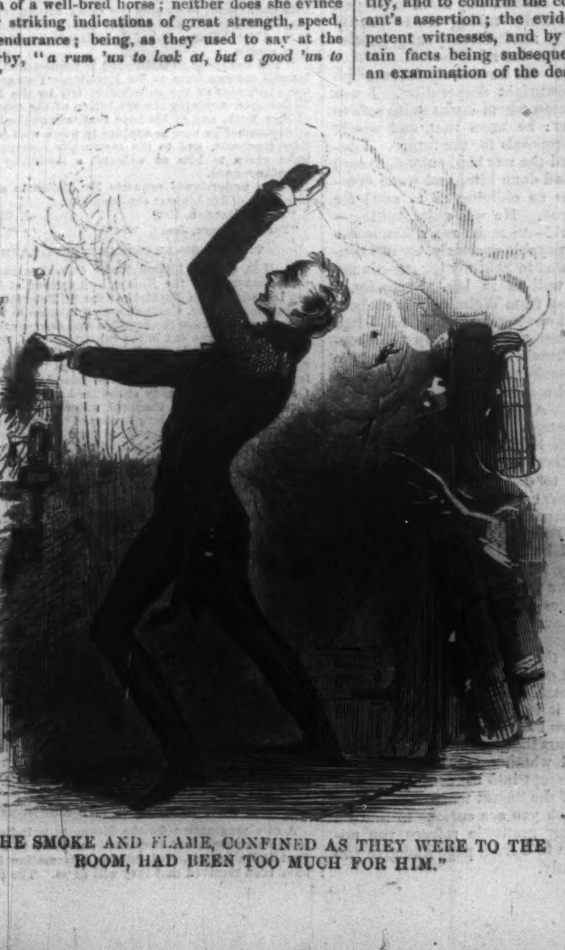
THE Inquest was hurried for certain local reasons which weighed with the coroner and the town authorities. It was held on the afternoon of the next day. I was, necessarily, one among the witnesses summoned to assist the objects of the investigation.

My first proceeding in the morning was to go to the post-office and inquire for the letter which I expected from Marian. No change of circumstances, however extraordinary, could affect the one great anxiety which weighed on my mind while I was away from London. The morning's letter, which was the only assurance I could receive that no misfortune had happened in my absence, was still the absorbing interest with which my day began.

To my relief, the letter from Marian was at the office waiting for me. Nothing had happened—they were both as safe and as well as when I had left them. Laura sent her love, and begged that I would let her know of my return a day beforehand. Her sister added, in explanation of this message, that she had saved "nearly a sovereign" out of her own private purse, and that she had claimed the privilege of ordering the dinner and giving the dinner which was to celebrate the day of my return. I read these little domestic confidences in the bright morning, with the terrible recollection of what had happened the evening before vivid in my memory. The necessity of sparing Laura any sudden knowledge of the truth was the first consideration which the letter suggested to me. I wrote at once to Marian to tell her what I have told in these pages, presenting the tidings as gradually and gently as I could, and warning her not to let any such thing as a newspaper fall in Laura's way while I was absent. In the case of any other woman, less courageous and less reliable, I might have hesitated before I ventured on unreservedly disclosing the whole truth. But I owed it to Marian to be faithful to my past experience of her, and to trust her as I trusted myself.

My letter was necessarily a long one. It occupied me until the time came for proceeding to the Inquest.

The objects of the legal inquiry were necessarily beset by peculiar complications and difficulties. Besides the investigation into the manner in which the deceased had met his death, there were serious questions to be settled relating to the cause of the fire, to the abstraction of the keys, and to the presence of a stranger in the vestry at the time when the flames broke out. Even the identification of the dead man had not yet been accomplished. The helpless condition of the servant had made the police distrustful of his asserted recognition of his master. They had sent to Knowlesbury overnight to secure the attendance of witnesses who were well acquainted with the personal appearance of Sir Percival Glyde, and they had communicated, the first thing in the morning, with Blackwater Park. These precautions enabled the coroner and jury to settle the question of identity, and to confirm the correctness of the servant's assertion; the evidence offered by competent witnesses, and by the discovery of certain facts being subsequently strengthened by an examination of the dead man's watch. The crest and the name of Sir Percival Glyde were engraved inside it.



"THE SMOKE AND FLAME, CONFINED AS THEY WERE TO THE ROOM, HAD BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM."

The next inquiries related to the fire.

The servant and I, and the boy who had heard the light struck in the vestry, were the first witnesses called. The boy gave his evidence clearly enough; but the servant's mind had not yet recovered the shock inflicted on it—he was plainly incapable of assisting the objects of the inquiry, and he was desired to stand down. To my own relief, my examination was not a long one. I had not known the deceased; I had never seen him; I was not aware of his presence at Old Welmingham; and I had not been in the vestry at the finding of the body. All I could prove was that I had stopped at the clerk's cottage to ask my way; that I had heard from him of the loss of the keys; that I had accompanied him to the church to render what help I could; that I had seen the fire; that I had heard some person unknown, inside the vestry, trying vainly to unlock the door; and that I had done what I could, from motives of humanity, to save the man. Other witnesses, who had been acquainted with the deceased, were asked if they could explain the mystery of his presumed abstraction of the keys, and his presence in the burning room. But the coroner seemed to take it for granted, naturally enough, that I, as a total stranger in the neighborhood, and a total stranger to Sir Percival Glyde, could not be in a position to offer any evidence on these two points.

The course that I was myself bound to take, when my formal examination had closed, seemed clear to me. I did not feel called on to volunteer any statement of my own private convictions; in the first place, because my doing so could serve no practical purpose, now that all proof in support of any surmises of mine was burned with the burned register; in the second place, because I could not have intelligibly stated my opinion—my unsupported opinion—without disclosing the whole story of the conspiracy, and producing, beyond a doubt, the same unsatisfactory effect on the minds of the coroner and the jury which I had already produced on the mind of Mr. Kyrle.

In these pages, however, and after the time that has now elapsed, no such cautions and restraints as are here described need fetter the free expression of my opinion. I will state briefly, before my pen occupies itself with other events, how my own convictions lead me to account for the abstraction of the keys, for the outbreak of the fire, and for the death of the man.

The news of my being unexpectedly free on bail drove Sir Percival, as I believe, to his last resources. The attempted attack on the road was one of those resources; and the suppression of all practical proof of his crime, by destroying the page of the register on which the forgery had been committed, was the other, and the surest of the two. If I could produce no extract from the original book to compare with the certified copy at Knowlesbury, I could produce no positive evidence, and could threaten him with no fatal exposure. All that was necessary to the attainment of his end was, that he should get into the vestry unperceived, that he should tear out the page in the register, and that he should leave the vestry again as privately as he had entered it.

On this supposition it is easy to understand why he waited until nightfall before he made the attempt, and why he took advantage of the clerk's absence to possess himself of the keys. Necessity would oblige him to strike a light to find his way to the right register; and common caution would suggest his locking the door on the inside in case of intrusion on the part of any inquisitive stranger, or on my part, if I happened to be in the neighborhood at the time.

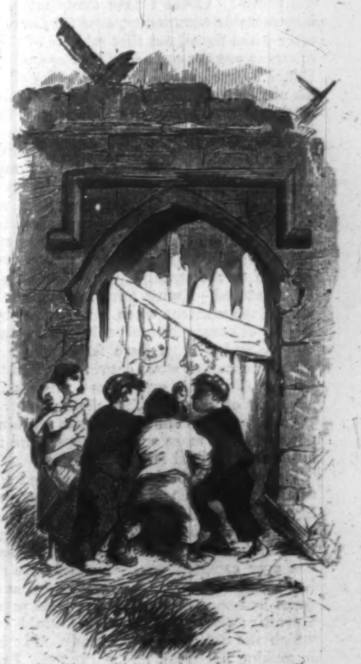
I can not believe that it was any part of his intention to make the destruction of the register appear to be the result of accident by purposely setting the vestry on fire. The bare chance that prompt assistance might arrive, and that the books might, by the remotest possibility, be saved, would have been enough, on a moment's consideration, to dismiss any idea of this sort from his mind. Remembering the quantity of combustible objects in the vestry—the straw, the papers, the packing-cases, the dry wood, the old worm-eaten presses—all the probabilities, in my estimation, point to the fire as the result of an accident with his matches or his light.

His first impulse, under these circumstances, was doubtless to try to extinguish the flames—and failing in that, his second impulse (ignorant as he was of the state of the lock) had been to attempt to escape by the door which had given him entrance. When I had called to him the flames must have extended across the door leading into the church, on either side of which the presses extended, and close to which the other combustible objects were placed. In all probability the smoke and flame (confined as they were to the room) had been too much for him when he tried to escape by the inner door. He must have dropped in his death-swoon—he must have sunk in the place where he was found—just as I got on the roof to break the skylight-window. Even if we had been able afterward to get into the church, and to burst open the door from that side, the delay must have been fatal. He would have been past saving, long past saving, by that time. We should only have given the flames free ingress into the church: the church, which was now preserved, but which, in that event, would have shared the fate of the vestry. There is no doubt in my mind—there can be no doubt in the mind of any one—that he was a dead man before ever we got to the empty cottage and worked with might and main to tear down the beam.

This is the nearest approach that any theory of mine can make toward accounting for a result which was visible matter of fact. As I have described them, so events passed to us outside. As I have related it, so his body was found.

The Inquest was adjourned over one day; no explanation that the eye of the law could recognize having been discovered, thus far, to account for the mysterious circumstances of the case.

It was arranged that more witnesses should be summoned, and that the London solicitor of the deceased should be invited to attend. A medical man was also charged with the duty of reporting on the mental condition of the servant, which appeared at present to debar him from giving any evidence of the least importance. He could only declare, in a dazed way, that he had been ordered, on the night of the fire, to wait in the lane, and that he knew nothing else, except that the deceased was certainly his master. My own impression was, that he had been first used (without any guilty knowledge on his own part) to ascertain the fact of the clerk's absence from home on the previous day; and that he had been afterward ordered to wait near the church (but out of sight of the vestry) to assist his master, in the event of my escaping the attack on the road, and of a collision occurring between Sir Percival and myself. It is necessary to add, that the man's own testimony was never obtained to confirm this view. The medical report of him declared that what little mental faculty he possessed was seriously shaken; nothing satisfactory was extracted from him at the adjourned Inquest; and, for aught I know to the contrary, he may never have recovered to this day.



I returned to the hotel at Welmingham, so jaded in body and mind, so weakened and depressed by all that I had gone through, as to be quite unfit to endure the local gossip about the Inquest, and to answer the trivial questions that the talkers addressed to me in the coffee-room. I withdrew from my scanty dinner to my cheap garret-chamber, to secure myself a little quiet, and to think, undisturbed, of Laura and Marian.

If I had been a richer man I would have gone back to London, and would have comforted myself with a sight of the two dear faces again that night. But I was bound to appear if called on at the adjourned Inquest, and doubly bound to answer my bail before the magistrate at Knowlesbury. Our slender resources had suffered already; and the doubtful future—more doubtful than ever now—made me dread decreasing our means unnecessarily, by allowing myself an indulgence, even at the small cost of a double railway journey, in the carriages of the second class.

The next day—the day immediately following the Inquest—was left at my own disposal. I began the morning by again applying at the post-office for my regular report from Marian. It was waiting for me, as before, and it was written throughout in good spirits. I read the letter thankfully; and then set forth, with my mind at ease for the day, to walk to Old Welmingham, and to view the scene of the fire by the morning light.

Truly has the great poet said, "There is nothing serious in mortality." Through all the ways of our unintelligible world the trivial and the terrible walk hand in hand together. The irony of circumstances holds no mortal catastrophe in respect. When I reached the church the trampled condition of the burial-ground was the only serious trace left of the fire and the death. A rough hoarding of boards had been knocked up before the vestry door-way. Rude caricatures were scrawled on it already; and the village children were fighting and shouting for the possession of the best peep-hole to see through. On the spot where I had heard the cry for help from the burning room, on the spot where the panic-stricken servant had dropped on his knees, a fussy-flock of poultry was now scrambling for the first choice of worms after the rain—and on the ground at my feet, where the door and its dreadful burden had been laid, a workman's dinner was waiting for him, tied up in a yellow basin, and his faithful cur in charge was yelping at me for coming near the food. The old clerk, looking idly at the slow commencement of the repairs, had only one interest that he could talk about now—the interest of escaping all blame, for his own part, on account of the accident that had happened. One of the village women whose white, wild face I remembered, the picture of terror, when we pulled down the beam, was giggling with another woman, the picture of inanity, over an old washing-tub. Nothing serious in mortality! Solomon in all his glory was Solomon with the elements of the contemptible lurking in every fold of his robes and in every corner of his palace.

As I left the place my thoughts turned, not for the first time, to the complete overthrow that all present hope of establishing Laura's identity had now suffered through Sir Percival's death. If he had lived—well! if he had, would that total change of circumstances really have altered the result? Could I have made my discovery a marketable commodity, even for Laura's sake, after I had found out that robbery of the rights of others was the essence of Sir Percival's crime? Could I have offered the price of *my* silence for *his* confession of the conspiracy, when the effect of that silence must have been to keep the right heir from the estates, and the right owner from the name? Impossible! If Sir Percival had lived, the discovery, from which (in my ignorance of the true nature of the Secret) I had hoped so much, could not have been mine to suppress or to make public, as I thought best, for the vindication of Laura's rights. In common honesty and common honor I must have gone at once to the stranger whose birth-right had been usurped—I must have renounced the victory at the moment when it was mine, by placing my discovery unreservedly in that stranger's hands—and I must have faced afresh all the difficulties which stood between me and the one purpose of my life, exactly as I was resolved, in my heart of hearts, to face them now!

I returned to Welmingham with my mind composed, feeling more sure of myself and my resolution than I had felt yet.

On my way to the hotel I passed the end of the square in which Mrs. Catherick lived. Should I go back to the house and make another attempt to see her? No. That news of Sir Percival's death, which was the last news she ever expected to hear, must have reached her hours since. All the proceedings at the Inquest had been reported in the local paper that morning: there was nothing I could tell her which she did not know already. My interest in making her speak had slackened. I remembered the furtive hatred in her face when she said, "There is no news of Sir Percival that I don't expect—except the news of his death." I remembered the stealthy interest in her eyes when they settled on me at parting, after she had spoken those words. Some instinct, deep in my heart, which I felt to be a true one, made the prospect of again entering her presence repulsive to me—I turned away from the square, and went straight back to the hotel.

Some hours later, while I was resting in the coffee-room, a letter was placed in my hands by the waiter. It was addressed to me, by name; and I found, on inquiry, that it had been left at the bar by a woman, just as it was near dusk, and just before the gas was lighted. She had said nothing; and she had gone away again before there was time to speak to her, or even to notice who she was.

I opened the letter. It was neither dated nor signed; and the handwriting was palpably disguised. Before I had read the first sentence, however, I knew who my correspondent was. Mrs. Catherick.

The letter ran as follows—I copy it exactly, word for word:

"Sir,—You have not come back, as you said you would. No matter; I know the news, and I write to tell you so. Did you see any thing particular in my face when you left me? I was wondering, in my own mind, whether the day of his downfall had come at last, and whether you were the chosen instrument for working it. You were—and you *have* worked it. You were weak enough, as I have heard, to try and save his life. If you had succeeded, I should have looked upon you as my enemy. Now you have failed, I hold you as my friend. Your inquiries frightened him into the vestry by night; your inquiries, without your privity and against your will, have served the hatred and wreaked the vengeance of three-and-twenty years. Thank you, Sir, in spite of yourself.

"I owe something to the man who has done this. How can I pay my debt? If I was a young woman still, I might say, 'Come! put your arm round my waist, and kiss me, if you like.' I should have been fond enough of you even to go that length; and you would have accepted my invitation—you would, Sir, twenty years ago! But I am an old woman now. Well! I can satisfy your curiosity, and pay my debt in that way. You *had* a great curiosity to know certain private affairs of mine when you came to see me—private affairs, which all your sharpness could not look into without my help—private affairs, which you have not discovered even now. You *shall* discover them; your curiosity shall be satisfied. I will take any trouble to please you, my estimable young friend!

"You were a little boy, I suppose, in the year twenty-seven? I was a handsome young woman at that time, living at Old Welmingham. I had a contemptible fool for a husband. I had also the honor of being acquainted (never mind how) with a certain gentleman (never mind whom). I shall not call him by his name. Why should I? It was not his own. He never had a name: you know that, by this time, as well as I do.

"It will be more to the purpose to tell you how he worked himself into my good graces. I was born with the tastes of a lady, and he gratified them. In other words, he admired me, and he made me presents. No woman can resist admiration and presents—especially presents, provided they happen to be just the things she wants. He was sharp enough to know that—most men are. Naturally, he wanted something in return—all men do. And what do you think was the something? The merest trifle. Nothing but the key of the vestry, and the key of the press inside it, when my husband's back was turned. Of course he lied when I asked him why he wished me to get him the keys in that private way. He might have saved himself the trouble—I didn't believe him. But I liked my presents, and I wanted more. So I got him the keys without my husband's knowledge; and I watched him without his own knowledge. Once, twice, four times I watched him—and the fourth time I found him out.

"I was never overscrupulous where other people's affairs were concerned; and I was not overscrupulous about his adding one to the marriages in the register on his own account. Of course I knew it was wrong, but it did no harm to *me*—which was one good reason for not making a fuss about it. And I had not got a gold watch and chain—which was another, still better. And he had promised me one from London only the day before—which was a third, best of all. If I had known what the law considered the crime to be, and how the law punished it, I should have taken proper care of myself, and have exposed him then and there. But I knew nothing—and I longed for the gold watch. All the conditions I insisted on were that he should take me into his confidence, and tell me every thing. I was as curious about his affairs then as you are about mine now. He granted my conditions—why, you will see presently.

"This, put in short, is what I heard from him. He did not willingly tell me all that I tell you here. I drew some of it from him by persuasion, and some of it by questions. I was determined to have all the truth—and I believe I got it.

"He knew no more than any one else of what the state of things really was between his father and mother till after his mother's death. Then his father confessed it, and promised to do what he could for his son. He died having done nothing—not having even made a will. The son (who can blame him?) wisely provided for himself. He came to England at once, and took possession of the property. There was no one to suspect him, and no one to say him nay. His father and mother had always lived as man and wife—none of the few people who were acquainted with them ever supposed them to be any thing else. The right person to claim the property (if the truth had been known) was a distant relation, who had no idea of ever getting it, and who was away at sea when his father died. He had no difficulty, so far—he took possession, as a matter of course. But he could not borrow money on the property as a matter of course. There were two things wanted of him before he could do this. One was a certificate of his birth, and the other was a certificate of his parents' marriage. The certificate of his birth was easily got—he was born abroad, and the certificate was there in due form. The other matter was a difficulty—and that difficulty brought him to Old Welmingham.

"But for one consideration he might have gone to Knowlesbury instead. His mother had been living there just before she met with his father—living under her maiden name; the truth being that she was really a married woman, married in Ireland, where her husband had ill-used her, and had afterward gone off with another woman. I give you this fact on good authority: Sir Felix mentioned it to his son as the reason why he had not married. You may wonder why the son, knowing that his parents had met each other at Knowlesbury, did not play his first tricks with the register of that church, where it might have been fairly presumed his father and mother were married. The reason was that the clergyman who did duty at Knowlesbury church in the year eighteen hundred and three (when, according to his birth-certificate, his father and mother *ought* to have been married) was alive still when he took possession of the property in the New Year of eighteen hundred and twenty-seven. This awkward circumstance forced him to extend his inquiries to our neighborhood. There no such danger existed: the former clergyman at our church having been dead for some years.

"Old Welmingham suited his purpose as well as Knowlesbury. His father had removed his mother from Knowlesbury, and had lived with her at a cottage on the river, a little distance from our village. People who had known his solitary ways in former times did not wonder at his solitary ways now. If he had been any thing but a hideous, crooked creature to look at, his retired life with the lady might have raised some suspicions; but as things were, his hiding his ugliness and his deformity in the strictest privacy surprised nobody. He lived in our neighborhood till he came in possession of the Park. After three or four and twenty years had passed who was to say (the clergyman being dead) that his marriage had not been as private as the rest of his life, and that it had not taken place at Old Welmingham Church?

"So, as I told you, the son found our neighborhood the surest place he could choose to set things right secretly in his own interests. It may surprise you to hear that what he really did to the marriage-register was done on the spur of the moment—done on second thoughts.

"His first notion was only to tear the leaf out (in the right year and month), to destroy it privately, to go back to London, and to tell the lawyers to get him the necessary certificate of his father's marriage, innocently referring them of course to the date on the leaf that was gone. Nobody could say his father and mother had *not* been married after that, and whether, under the circumstances, they would stretch a point or not, about lending him the money (he thought they would), he had his answer ready, at all events, if a question was ever raised about his right to the name and the estate.

"But when he came to look privately at the register for himself, he found at the bottom of one of the pages for the year eighteen hundred and three a blank space left, seemingly through there being no room to make a long entry there, which was made instead at the top of the next page. The sight of this chance altered all his plans. It was an opportunity he had never hoped for or thought of; and he took it, you know how. The blank space, to have exactly tallied with his birth-certificate, ought to have occurred in the February part of the register. It occurred in the April part instead. However, in this case, if suspicious questions were asked, the answer was not hard to find. He had only to describe himself as a seven months' child.

"I was fool enough, when he told me his story, to feel some interest and some pity for him; which was just what he calculated on, as you will see. I thought him hardly used. It was not his fault that his father and mother were not married; and it was not his father's and mother's fault either. A more scrupulous woman than I was—a woman who had not set her heart on a gold watch and chain—would have found some excuses for him. At all events, I held my tongue, and helped to screen what he was about. He was some time getting the ink the right color (mixing it over and over again in pots and bottles of mine), and some time afterward in practicing the handwriting. But he succeeded in the end, and made an honest woman of his mother after she was dead in her grave! So far I don't deny that he behaved honorably enough to myself. He gave me my watch and chain, and spared no expense in buying them; both were of superior workmanship and very expensive. I have got them still: the watch goes beautifully.

"You said the other day that Mrs. Clements had told you every thing she knew. In that case there is no need for me to write about the trumpery scandal by which I was the sufferer—the innocent sufferer, I positively assert. You must know as well as I do what the notion was which my husband took into his head, when he found me and my fine-gentleman acquaintance meeting each other privately, and talking secrets together. But what you don't know is, how it ended between that same gentleman and myself. You shall read, and see how he behaved to me.

"The first words I said to him, when I saw the turn things had taken, were: 'Do me justice—clear my character of a stain on it which you know I don't deserve. I don't want you to make a clean breast of it to my husband—only tell him, on your word of honor as a gentleman, that he is wrong, and that I am not to blame in the way he thinks I am. Do me that justice at least, after all I have done for you.' He flatly refused, in so many words. He told me plainly that it was his interest to let my husband and all my neighbors believe the falsehood; because as long as they did so they were quite certain never to suspect the truth. I had a spirit of my own, and I told him they should know the truth from my lips. His reply was short, and to the point. If I spoke, I was a lost woman as certainly as he was a lost man.

"Yes! it had come to that. He had deceived me about the risk I ran in helping him. He had practiced on my ignorance; he had tempted me with his gifts; he had interested me with his story; and the result of it was that he had made me his accomplice. He owned this coolly; and he ended by telling me, for the first time, what the frightful punishment really was for his offense, and for any one who helped him to commit it. In those days the Law was not so tender-hearted as I hear it is now. Murderers were not the only people liable to be hanged; and women convicts were not treated like ladies in undeserved distress. I confess he frightened me—the mean impostor! the cowardly blackguard! Do you understand now how I hated him? Do you understand why I am taking all this trouble—thankfully taking it—to gratify the curiosity of the meritorious young gentleman who hunted him down?

"Well, to go on. He was hardly fool enough to drive me to downright desperation. I was not the sort of woman whom it was quite safe to hunt into a corner: he knew that, and wisely quieted me with proposals for the future. I deserved some reward (he was kind enough to say) for the service I had done him, and some compensation (he was so obliging as to add) for what I had suffered. He was quite willing—generous scoundrel!—to make me a handsome yearly allowance, payable quarterly, on two conditions. First, I was to hold my tongue—in my own interests as well as in his. Secondly, I was not to stir away from Welmingham without first letting him know, and waiting till I had obtained his permission. In my own neighborhood no virtuous female friends would tempt me into dangerous gossiping at the tea-table—in my own neighborhood he would always know where to find me. A hard condition, that second one, but I accepted it. What else was I to do? I was left helpless, with the prospect of a coming encumbrance in the shape of a child. What else was I to do? Cast myself on the mercy of my runaway idiot of a husband, who had raised the scandal against me? I would have died first. Besides, the allowance *was* a handsome one. I had a better income, a better house over my head, better carpets on my floors, than half the women who turned up the whites of their eyes at the sight of me. The dress of Virtue in our parts was cotton print. I had silk.

"So I accepted the conditions he offered me and made the best of them, and fought my battle with my respectable neighbors on their own ground, and won it in course of time—as you saw yourself. How I kept his Secret (and mine) through all the years that have passed from that time to this; and whether my late daughter, Anne, ever really crept into my confidence, and got the keeping of the Secret too, are questions, I dare say, to which you are curious to find an answer. Well! my gratitude refuses you nothing. I will turn to a fresh page and give you the answer presently.

LITERARY.

The Institutes of International Law, by D. Gardner, Esq., is an excellent work, of great labor, diligence, and care, conservative in tone, sustained by authorities which the learned author has compiled with excellent judgment. Such works as this should be not only on the shelves of our lawyers' libraries, but in the hands of every merchant and every citizen of the country. Mr. Gardner is a sound reasoner, and by this work has shown himself to be a good lawyer.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND THE QUEEN.

The following is the correspondence between the President and Queen Victoria relative to the visit of the Prince of Wales:

"*To Her Majesty, Queen Victoria:*

"I have learned from the public journals that the Prince of Wales is about to visit your Majesty's North American dominions. Should it be the intention of his Royal Highness to extend his visit to the United States, I need not say how happy I should be to give him a cordial welcome to Washington.

"You may be well assured that every where in this country he will be greeted by the American people in such manner as can not fail to prove gratifying to your Majesty. In this they will manifest their deep sense of your domestic virtues, as well as their convictions of your merits as a wise, patriotic, and constitutional sovereign.

"Your Majesty's most obedient servant,

"James Buchanan.

"Washington, *June* 4, 1860."

"Buckingham Palace, *June* 22, 1860.

"My Good Friend: I have been much gratified at the feelings which prompted you to write to me, inviting the Prince of Wales to come to Washington. He intends to return from Canada through the United States, and it will give him great pleasure to have an opportunity of testifying to you in person that these feelings are fully reciprocated by him. He will thus be able, at the same time, to mark the respect which he entertains for the Chief Magistrate of a great and powerful State and kindred nation.

"The Prince of Wales will drop all royal state on leaving my dominions, and travel under the name of Lord Renfrew, as he has done when traveling on the continent of Europe.

"The Prince Consort wishes to be kindly remembered to you. I remain ever, your good friend,

"Victoria R."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON THE SAME POINT.

The following letter has been published: "The undersigned, her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has the honor to acknowledge a communication addressed to him by Mr. Dallas, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States, containing a resolution expressive of the wish of the municipality of New York, and of its important and wealthy community, to receive a visit from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his Royal Highness's presence in the colonial possessions of her Majesty. The undersigned, having laid these documents before her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, is commanded by them to express to Mr. Dallas the high sense which they entertain of the importance of strengthening, by every means, the relations of friendship and regard which bind this country to the United States of America. When, therefore, the public duties, for the performance of which the Prince undertakes the voyage across the Atlantic to her Majesty's North American colonies, shall be concluded, both the consideration above referred to, and the natural desire on the part of the Prince to visit some of the institutions and some of the most prominent objects of interest in the United States, will prompt his Royal Highness, on his return from the Upper Province of Canada, to direct his route through a portion of that great country; and that route will include a visit to the important city of New York. The time allowed for this journey will, however, under all circumstances, be necessarily very limited, and it will be consequently out of the power of his Royal Highness to make a prolonged stay.

"His Royal Highness will, on leaving the British soil, lay aside all royal state, and exchange his title, as he has done on former journeys to foreign countries, for that of Lord Renfrew. While thus dispensing with any ceremony which might be inconvenient to the communities which he hopes to visit, he trusts to be enabled, as a private gentleman, to employ the small amount of time at his disposal in the study of the most interesting objects in the United States and of the ordinary life of the American people.

"The undersigned is directed to request that Mr. Dallas will communicate to his Excellency Fernando Wood the expression of the satisfaction felt by the Prince of Wales upon receiving the resolution of the municipality of New York, and of his hope that toward the latter end of September he may be enabled to pay a visit to the city they represent, and to the mercantile community who have given to him so welcome a testimony of their friendly regard.

"The undersigned requests Mr. Dallas to accept the assurance of his highest consideration.

"G. M. Dallas, Esq. J. Russell.

"Foreign Office, *June* 21, 1860."

THE RUSSO-AMERICAN TELEGRAPH.

P. M'D. Collins, United States Consul to the Amoor, came passenger in the *Fulton*, and arrived at Washington last week with dispatches from St. Petersburg for our Government. Mr. Collins's recent mission to St. Petersburg was to procure the sanction and co-operation of the Imperial Government in the construction of telegraphic communication between Russia and the United States, *via* Asiatic Russia, crossing to America by or near Behring Straits, to or by the Alintian Islands. The Russian Government has already authorized upon this line the construction of seven thousand miles of telegraph, from Kazenthe, the eastern termination of telegraphic communication in European Russia, to their military and naval establishments at the mouth of the Amoor River. The Government could not agree to construct a line of telegraph beyond the point named at present, but have authorized Mr. Collins to survey a route from the mouth of the Amoor, over the Russian possessions in Asia and America, a distance of about thirty-five hundred miles, on the proposed route to San Francisco, the whole distance being about five thousand miles.

Count Moravieff, Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, had left St. Petersburg a few days before Mr. Collins, and will visit the Amoor country during the summer, the Russian Government having acquiesced in his project for the commercial development of that country.

BELL AND EVERETT IN NEW YORK.

The Bell and Everett Constitutional Union Convention met at Utica on Thursday, 12th inst., and after the usual preliminaries organized with General Amos H. Prescott, of Herkimer, as President, and a long list of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. The reports of the Delegates to the Baltimore Convention were then received, Ex-Governor Hunt and James Brooks, Esq., making lengthy addresses on the occasion. The Convention then, after the appointment of a State Committee of four from each district to form a Bell and Everett Electoral Ticket, adjourned *sine die*.

A NEW HOME FOR THE MORMONS.

A new programme for the Mormons is indicated. It is now proposed that they shall emigrate to one of the East India islands, and reliable information is said to have been received that they will do so. The enterprise is to be carried out under the supervision of Captain Walter M. Gibson, who will be remembered as having been imprisoned for some years by the Dutch authorities of one of the islands in question, and who has recently identified himself with the Mormon cause—it being at his suggestion that Brigham Young proposed to the Government to take the Mormons to Oceanica, if an arrangement could be made by which they could be paid by Government for their improvements in Utah.

MORE AFRICANS LANDED.

A telegraphic dispatch from New Orleans announces the arrival and landing of a cargo of 124 Africans at Mobile on Monday. They were immediately taken up the Alabama River on board a steamboat, and no doubt by this time are judiciously distributed among the planters. They were landed from the schooner *Clotilde*.

EXECUTION OF HICKS.

Albert W. Hicks, the murderer of Captain Burr and crew of the oyster sloop *E. A. Johnson*, suffered the extreme penalty of the law on Friday 13th, on Bedloe's Island. The culprit made no remarks at the gallows, but quietly and firmly resigned himself to his fate. He was attended in his last moments by Father Duranquet, to whom it is supposed he made a more full confession of his guilt than that heretofore published.

The execution was public, and was witnessed by fully 10,000 persons, who surrounded the island in steamboats, sailing-vessels, and small boats. The sloop *E. A. Johnson*, on board of which the murders were committed, was also in attendance, with her burgee floating gayly in the breeze. She was anchored a few hundred feet from shore, and was crowded with spectators. Every thing passed off in an orderly manner, considering the character of the assemblage and the excitement attending the event.

FROM THE GALLOWS TO A PALACE.

Our readers will all remember the Chicago barber, Henri Jumpertz, who was tried for having murdered his mistress, Sophia Werner, packed her body in a barrel and sent it to New York; but in spite of a strong chain of circumstantial evidence, he obtained an acquittal on a technicality. After escaping from the hands of the law, this interesting individual opened a barber's shop in Chicago, but, singular to relate, met with very little patronage, and was obliged to seek some other locality. Intelligence has lately been received at the Prussian Consulate in this City, that this Jumpertz, with his brother Franz, has fallen heir to a large estate in Germany, and efforts are now being made to ascertain his whereabouts.

PERILS OF AN AERONAUT.

We read in the Milwaukie *News*: "The steamship *Milwaukie*, of the Detroit and Milwaukie Railway, which arrived from Grand Haven at ten o'clock last night, had on board Professor Steiner, with his balloon. The flight of the Professor was perilous in the extreme. After leaving this city, he floated out finely through the air in a course a little south of east, until he had been up about forty-five minutes, when he encountered a violent thunder-storm. The cloud was observed from this city, and it was at this time that the spectators lost sight of him. The rain saturated the balloon, making it so heavy that it rapidly descended. The aeronaut threw out all the ballast, and, indeed, every thing he had on board, even to some of his clothing, but all was of no avail, and the balloon came down into Lake Michigan, *nine miles from the eastern shore!* As a *dernier resort*, he cut away his anchor and again arose, and came down the second time at 7½ o'clock, in the Kalamazoo River, eight or nine miles south of Grand Haven. Here he was obliged to cut away his balloon in order to save himself, and, after much exertion and a hair-breadth escape from drowning, he succeeded in gaining the shore minus nearly all his clothing. The greatest altitude attained by the Professor was 12,000 feet, which height was reached when about the centre of the lake. He finally recovered his balloon and the car, but experienced much difficulty in obtaining a conveyance to Grand Haven. He arrived last night, arrayed in a farmer's coat, his feet encased in a pair of India-rubbers, and looking as though he had endured an untold amount of suffering and danger."

ANOTHER HORRIBLE MURDER.

One day last week the wife of Mr. Schumaker and her infant boy became the victims of a man, formerly in the employ of the family, named Francis Hoffman. The parties are all Germans, and the fearful deed was committed in Schumaker's house, near the corner of Seventy-first Street and Eleventh Avenue. It would seem from the evidence that Hoffman had lately been discharged from service by Mr. Schumaker, but that he had learned, previously, the place where about $200, with some other property of value, was kept in the house, and that he watched his opportunity, before daylight, when Schumaker, who is a market-gardener, had gone to the markets with his produce, to break in and commit the act of plunder. Whether Mrs. Schumaker attempted to deter him is of course uncertain, but it is certain that he seized a hammer, and inflicted such fearful wounds upon her head and that of her child that the latter was instantly killed, and though the former survived during the day, in a perfectly unconscious state, no hopes from the first were entertained for her recovery. Her skull was so shattered that she has since died. The assassin was arrested in Fifty-second Street, at noon, with $130 of the money and the other property, all of which was fully identified by Mr. Schumaker and his workmen, in his possession. The coroner's inquest was held in the afternoon, when testimony was taken which completely fixed the guilt upon Hoffman, who was committed to the City Prison; but the officers experienced much difficulty in conveying him thither, owing to the excitement of the crowd who had assembled in the neighborhood of the Twenty-second Precinct Station-house, and threatened to lynch him.

A PROLIFIC VINE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

"SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, *June* 9, 1860.

"In your issue of April 5, under head of 'Domestic Intelligence,' there is a notice of rather a large story told by an exchange, of a woman and a large grape vine in this county, Santa Barbara. The only part of the story that is correct is the number of bunches of grapes the vine yields annually.

"Permit me to give you a correct account of this extraordinary vine, as it is, I believe, the largest one in California, and but few as large in Europe.

"It is thirty years old, three feet in circumference, and one foot in diameter for about five feet from the ground. It then gives off branches and covers an area of twenty-five yards square. It is trailed seven feet from the ground, on horizontal supports about ten feet apart. Last season I requested the owner, who is an old Mexican woman, to keep an account of the number of bunches removed from the vine. She filled a large pickle bottle, holding about three quarts, nearly full of beans; for every bunch pulled off she dropped a bean in the bottle, then sold what remained on the vine for twenty-five dollars—two wagons full, drawn by two horses each. This quantity from one vine may appear to your numerous readers almost fabulous, but it is nevertheless true.

"If you think the above worth publishing you are at liberty to do so.

"One of your subscribers,
"J. L. ORD, M.D."

PERSONAL.

On the occasion of the recent commencement of William and Mary College, Virginia, which is said to have been the most brilliant known for many years, the Board of Visitors elected John Tyler, so long regent, as chancellor. Mr. Tyler is the first chancellor elected since Washington. The Faculty of Law was also restored, Charles Morris being appointed professor.

Mr. Breckinridge is said to be the youngest candidate ever nominated for the Presidency. He is but thirty-eight years of age—only three years beyond the age at which a man becomes eligible to that office.

The Baltimore *American* chronicles the decease of a colored man named Thomas Thomas, who seems to have been famous during his long and useful life for his gastronomic performances. Six large loaves of bread with more than a quart of coffee or tea, generally constituted his supper or breakfast. He made very brief work with a goose or a turkey, and has been known to eat a moderate-sized ham at a meal. This latter fact very clearly indicates that Thomas Thomas was indeed a lineal descendant of Ham. An immense quantity of cucumbers, which he was imprudent enough to devour, disencumbered him of this mortal coil in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

THE recent proceedings of Parliament have been unimportant. Notice has been given of a resolution in the Commons which will bring to a direct issue the question of privilege raised by the House of Lords in rejecting the bill abolishing the paper duty.

The report of the Committee on this subject is published. It merely, as already reported, quotes the precedents, and makes no recommendations.

THE GREAT REVIEW OF VOLUNTEERS.

A leading article of a London paper says: "The review of the volunteers in Hyde Park on the 23d was a most splendid and impressive display. The force assembled in Hyde Park was estimated at about 20,000, and may be fairly said to have represented all classes of the population. The Queen, accompanied by the Prince Consort, Prince of Wales, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Cambridge, and several foreign princes, and attended by a brilliant suite, entered the Park about four o'clock. The inspection was at once proceeded with, and was of the simplest character. The Queen passed along the whole of the line, after which the volunteers marched past her Majesty. There was no opportunity of showing what they were capable of in the way of field operations; but it is agreed on all hands that what they were called upon to do they did thoroughly well. Their fine martial bearing and wonderful steadiness and precision in marching elicited from experienced officers of the regular army expressions of wonder and surprise. The Duke of Cambridge stated to the commanding officers of the various brigades and battalions that he had never in his life seen movements carried out by a large body of men with greater precision. The volunteers were enthusiastically cheered along the route to the Park. The review passed off without any serious accident; and notwithstanding the well-known *dictum* of the Duke of Wellington, the 20,000 volunteers were got safely and expeditiously out of Hyde Park."

FRANCE.

THE SWISS BOUNDARY.

A dispatch from Paris, on June 29, says:

The treaty to arrange the boundaries between France and Sardinia has been signed here.

The French government has communicated to the Powers that it is willing to accept one of the three following modes for settling its differences with Switzerland:

1. To negotiate direct with the federal government.
2. To admit to this negotiation the Powers who signed the Final act of Vienna.
3. To assemble in conference.

If a conference shall be determined on it will very probably take place at Paris.

It is quite certain that France will make no cession whatever of territory.

A ROMANTIC TALE.

A trial is coming on at Paris shortly which will give publicity to a sad affair. An English lady, the widow of an officer who died in India some few years ago, leaving a large fortune, had become attached to and married to a person much beneath her station—a sous-officier of gendarmery. Nothing, however, has occurred during the four years that the union has lasted to make her regret the step she has taken, although the gendarme did turn out to be the brother of her *femme-de-chambre*, and she did meet him first of all (by accident of course) dressed in plain clothes at the *Bal Mabille*, whither she had gone one evening escorted by the *suivante*, who had told her that the greatest ladies in Paris were seen in that seductive place, and that no harm could possibly be thought of any lady going there in company with her maid. The lady's daughter (by her first marriage) had grown—since the establishment of her mamma with the ex-gendarme—from a fine child of twelve into a lovely girl of sixteen. The honest gendarme had behaved with exemplary kindness to his daughter-in-law; it seems that the *ménage* was progressing as well as could be expected, when, in March last, came a tremendous shock to its tranquillity, in the shape of an offer of marriage for the young lady from a traveling commission agent, who had supplied the wine for the family, and who had been admitted on familiar terms in consequence of the cultivation of his manners, which seemed far above his station. The demand was, of course, treated with contempt—the young lady bearing one of the best names in England, and entitled to a large fortune—and the dismissed lover, bidden to remember the great distance between himself and the bright particular star he had dared to woo, was dismissed, on the part of the gendarme in particular, with every demonstration of contempt. The next day, however, the young lady was missing, and a letter from Langres announced that she had chosen to act for herself, and had eloped with the commission agent; the marriage had, therefore, become a necessary conclusion, and the young couple were consequently united.

The commission agent, whose manners are above his station, turns out to be an escaped convict, who has just been restored to his place in the *bagne* at Toulon, whence he had broken away just before Christmas, having been recognized at Bordeaux, in the cathedral, whither he had accompanied his young wife, to show her the splendors of the *Fete-Dieu*. The mother insists upon a divorce, and the trial will come on, so it is thought, early this month (July).

ITALY.

THE CONCESSIONS OF BOMBA.

It is confirmed that the King of Naples has granted a Constitution to his subjects. Under a preliminary act, dated the 25th of June, constitutional and representative institutions, on national and Italian principles, are granted to the Kingdom of Naples; a general amnesty is offered to all political offenders; an agreement is to be made with the King of Sardinia for the adoption of the tricolored flag; and analogous institutions are to be given to Sicily, with a Royal Prince as Viceroy. These concessions, adopted at the instigation of the French Emperor, it was every where believed came too late. The following are the members of the new Neapolitan Ministry, formed by Signor Spinelli; Commander Spinelli, President of the Council; Commander de Martino, Foreign Affairs; Signor del Re, Interior; Signor Manna, Finance; Prince Torella, Ecclesiastical Affairs; Signor Morelli, Public Works; Marshal Lestucci, War; Admiral Garofalo, Marine.

A dispatch from Naples states that the convocation of the electoral colleges will be published for the 7th July. The decree containing the list of the members of the Senate will be promulgated about the same time. The Senators, it is said, will be chosen from among the higher ranks of the magistracy, the administration, the academies, the navy, and the army.

WHAT HE WANTS TO DO AT PALERMO.

A letter from Messina, in the *Opinione Nationale* says:

"To give you an idea of what the Neapolitan Government reserved for us, I send you the copy of an electric dispatch, addressed to the Governor of this place by Colonel Severino, private secretary of Francis II. Fortunately for us, although I can not state the reason, it was not carried into execution. It ran thus: 'As soon as you learn at Messina the capture of Palermo, close the city with sufficient forces, and prevent any one whatever from either going out or entering. Collect all the troops in the citadel, and if there is any movement, bombard Messina until not one stone remains on another. Terrify the population by discharges of musketry, and fire grape at the insurgents. The fleet will pass from Palermo to Messina.' I guarantee to you the authenticity of this dispatch. The Governor, being questioned by one of the foreign consuls as to what he intended to do, admitted the existence of the orders above mentioned, but added that if he should have occasion to carry them out he would first give notice to the inoffensive portion of the population and the consuls."

REINFORCEMENTS FOR GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi continued his preparations for a new movement.

The Turin correspondent of the London *News* writes: "A third expedition of 4000 men is being prepared. The *Washington*, the *Franklin*, and the *Oregon*, which conveyed Medici to Palermo, returned to Cagliari on the 20th, and after staying there a day, left for the Ligurian coast. Many who had given up military service have gone to Sicily on hearing that there was a great want there of officers of all grades."

Garibaldi is said to have sent one of his agents to London, in order to negotiate there a loan of thirty millions of francs, the revenues of Sicily being offered as a guarantee.

SPREAD OF THE REVOLUTION.

At latest dates the agitation at Naples had increased. A most inflammatory proclamation had been issued by the Central Revolutionary Committee, calling on the people to rise.

The Commissariats of the twelve districts of Naples were simultaneously attacked and pillaged on the 28th, the archives burned, and the agents murdered.

Naples was proclaimed in a state of siege, and street assemblages prohibited.

ATTACK ON THE FRENCH EMBASSADOR.

The French Embassador had been seriously maltreated on the streets of Naples, it was supposed by members of the anti-reform party. He was beaten senseless.

A later dispatch says: "It is stated in the French papers that Baron Brenier, recently assaulted in the streets of Naples, was not dangerously hurt. The King of Naples has instructed the Marquis d'Antonini to express to the French Government his most sincere regret on account of the cowardly insult offered to Baron Brenier, and to promise severe retribution upon the guilty parties, who, however, were not yet discovered, having succeeded in escaping immediately after committing the assault."

THE AMERICAN SHIPS.

The Government had yielded to the energetic demands of the American and Sardinian ministers, and ordered the release of the two captured vessels, their crews and passengers.

The American sloop of war *Iroquois* went to Naples specially to assist the American Minister in his representations.

THE ASSASSINS AT FAULT.

A letter from Geneva, in the *Siècle*, says: "Garibaldi does not appear destined to perish by the poniard, as was feared by some of his friends. We learn from Messina that the famous Bosco, who accepted the mission to assassinate him for 25,000 francs, has not had the courage to commit the crime, but has, on the contrary, had an audience of the General, to whom he made important revelations."

PRACTICAL DEMOCRACY.

Garibaldi has issued the following decree:

"Considering that a free people should abolish every custom which calls to mind the old state of slavery:

"*Art.* 1. The title of 'Excellency' is abolished without respect of persons.

"*Art.* 2. Doing homage by kissing hands is prohibited."

This decree, if acted upon, is in itself a social revolution. In Sicily the lower orders call almost every well-dressed man "His Excellency," and kissing the hand is a common compliment paid by a tenant to his landlord.

IS SICILY TO BE ANNEXED?

It is stated that the Municipality of Palermo had sent an address to the Dictator, requesting the immediate annexation of Sicily to the Italian kingdom. The Dictator replied that such annexation was his wish, that he was a great admirer of King Victor Emanuel, and that he believed the annexation would be accomplished by him and with him; but that at present the annexation of Sicily alone would not be advisable: besides, in the event of immediate annexation, he would then be under the necessity of retiring.

THE POPE'S IRISH LEVIES.

A letter from Rome, received June 28, says a battalion of Irish has been organized. It is called the Battalion of Saint Patrick.

The Vienna letter in the *Times*, says a great number of Irishmen continue to pass through Vienna on their way to Trieste and Ancona. The writer says many of them wish to return to their homes, but they are obliged to go on to Italy, as they have no money with which to pay their expenses back to England.

SYRIA.

MASSACRE AT BEYROUT.

Letters from Beyrout give terrible accounts of the bloody disturbances in Syria, already briefly alluded to. The scene of these outrages was Sidon, a place about ten hours' journey by land, and three by sea, from Beyrout. A letter from this last-named place, dated June 7, says:

"On the evening of Saturday, the 2d inst., letters from Sidon reached Mr. Moore, the English consul-general, saying that a number of Christians, who had fled to that town for refuge, from the southern parts of Mount Lebanon, had been killed in cold blood by the Moslems and Druse population of the place. Coming as it did from an authentic source, and the arrival of a Russian frigate making Beyrout comparatively safe from any *émeute*, our consul-general at once dispatched her Majesty's steamer *Firefly*, Captain Mansel (a small vessel here on surveying duty), down the coast. On his arrival at Sidon, the captain found the tale but too true. No less than two hundred poor creatures—men, women, and children, including several Maronite monks, nuns, and priests—who on the burning and sacking of their own villages on Lebanon had fled to Sidon for refuge, were set upon by the Moslem population of the suburbs, assisted by the few Druses who live there, and brutally butchered in cold blood, at the very gates of, and in, the town itself. The Turkish soldiers on guard were seen by credible witnesses—the gentlemen of the American Mission at Sidon—to bayonet the unfortunate Christians coming into the town for shelter. Captain Mansel found the Christians of the place in a perfect panic, and the Moslems of the town ready at any moment to break out again. The number lying dead in the streets was calculated at not less than two hundred, but the official report of the English vice-consul at Sidon numbers them at three hundred, besides nearly twice that number wounded. Captain Mansel went at once to the Turkish governor, who declared his sorrow for what had taken place, but his total inability to prevent it. Captain Mansel then took such precautions as on inquiry he deemed necessary to secure the safety of the Christian population of Sidon, and then returned to Beyrout. In the mean time, three large and very wealthy Greek Catholic monasteries on Mount Lebanon, just above Sidon, have been burned to the ground, and the monks obliged to fly. Some are hiding in caves and huts on the mountains, and only this day a party has started to rescue them, having just heard of their whereabouts. To-day letters from Sidon state that the excitement of the Moslem population commenced again upon the *Firefly* leaving, and that the fanatics of that creed were yesterday parading the town, vowing vengeance on all dogs of Christians. I should tell you that the cause of this excitement in the first instance, and that which led to the subsequent massacre of the fugitive Christians from Lebanon, was the sight of these very fugitives. By all accounts, the horrors of the massacre were not exceeded even at Jeddah, two years ago."

PERU.

TROUBLE WITH THE UNITED STATES.

There is news from Peru. Our relations with that republic are approaching a crisis. At latest dates the U. States sloop of war *Wyoming* had arrived at Callao, with dispatches to our Minister, instructing him to peremptorily demand a settlement of the claims growing out of the seizure of the ships *Lizzie Thompson* and *Georgiana*, and provisions for a joint commission for the settlement of all outstanding claims of our citizens. Some delay had, however, occurred in consequence of the resignation of the Peruvian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it was not improbable that our Government would be compelled to resort to force before the demands would be complied with. In case of non-compliance with the demands of our Government, the American Minister was instructed to close the legation.

JAPAN.

ATTEMPTED REVOLUTION.

The papers contain accounts of the attempted assassination of Prince Go-tai-ro, Regent of Japan, who, it appears, while on his way to the palace of the Tycoon on the 24th of March, was beset by an armed band of seventeen men, determined on his destruction. The Regent received several wounds, but was finally rescued from his perilous situation. Several of the assailants had been arrested, some had disemboweled themselves, and there was little probability of the escape of the remainder.

Whether this attack was the commencement of a civil war for the succession, or owed its origin to other causes, is left to conjecture. The Japanese Government, however, ascribe it to the discontent of disbanded soldiers and ruffians.

THE REVIEW OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

THE camp of the celebrated National Guard Regiment on Staten Island has, during the past week or ten days, attracted a large share of the attention of that portion of our "best society" which has not taken its annual flight to the watering-places; and the evening parades have been attended by thousands of visitors from the city and the various suburban villages and towns. As every thing which appertains to this widely-celebrated corps will prove of interest to our readers, we give the personal experience of one of our corps of artists in a visit to "Camp Scott" one evening last week, by which those who are unfamiliar with such matters may be able to form an idea of the scenes and incidents attending a life in camp.

The location of the camp was on the lower end of Staten Island, about three-fourths of a mile from the New Dorp station of the railroad from Vanderbilt's landing across to Ettingville, and is the race-ground of the celebrated "Richmond Club." The access was by boat and cars to New Dorp, where every variety of vehicle, from the most aristocratic turn-out, with its liveried driver and outriders, to the two-wheeled cart, with old counterpanes and quilts doing duty for cushions, and drawn by a raw-boned animal yclept, for want of a better name, "a horse," were in waiting to take visitors to the ground.

The object of the regiment in going into camp, it need hardly be said, is for the purpose of instruction and improvement in field manœuvres and camp duty, and as one day's routine is a fair exemplar of all, we let our correspondent and artist use his own language:

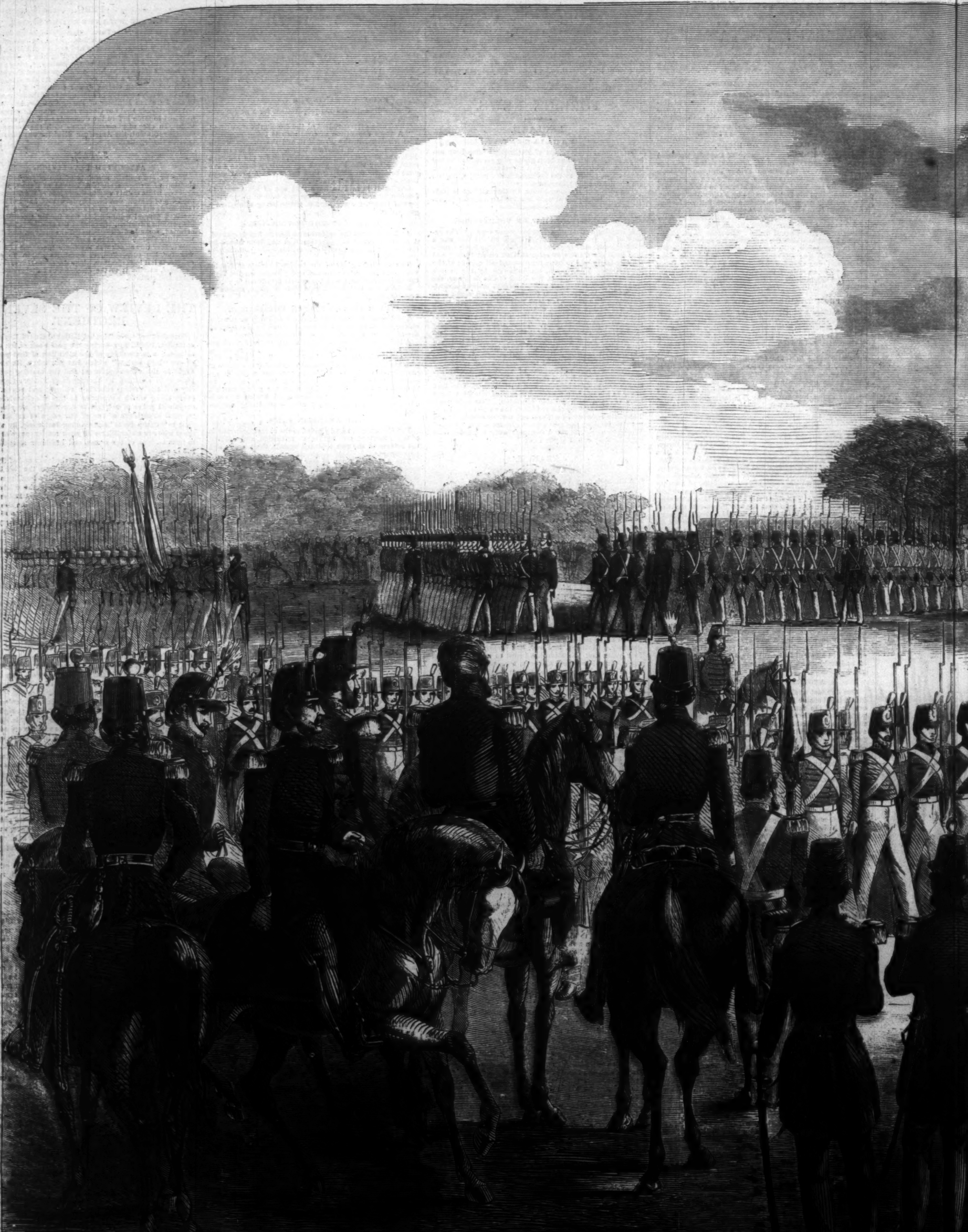
After a very pleasant sail down the bay, and an uninteresting ride in the cars, I reached New Dorp, and taking a conveyance over an exceedingly dusty road, arrived at camp in time to witness the evening parade. The camp was laid out in accordance with strict military rules, and presented a very pleasing appearance. The Colonel's marquee—a large double tent—was in the centre, and on either side were the marquees of the rest of the field and staff. In front of this row were tents of the non-commissioned staff and officers of police attending the regiment, while still farther in advance the officers, captains, and lieutenants of the various companies were located in a single row of tents. Extending at right angles to these last were two rows of company tents, sixteen in number, on either side of streets which were named after their respective captains. Far in advance of all, and immediately at the entrance, was the guard-tent, where the guards and sentries made their head-quarters. In the rear of the Colonel's quarters were the tents of the band, the troop, the sutlers, barber, etc., etc., together with the large mess-tent, in which the regimental meals were served. At the foot of the main street, running from the Colonel's quarters to the parade-ground, stood the flag-staff, flanked by two six-pounders. To the right of the camp as we entered, but at the left more properly speaking, viewing it from the Colonel's marquee, was the ocean beach, affording a fine opportunity for bathing, and delicious breezes to cool the otherwise sultry atmosphere of these summer days.

The usually great feature of the day is the evening parade and guard-mounting. Arriving at 5.30 P.M., I found the troops assembling in the various streets in front of their tents, being formed by their respective orderlies. The band, consisting of over thirty men, were on the parade-ground, preparatory to formation of the regiment. In the course of a few minutes the "assembly" was sounded, the various companies marched out, and the regiment was formed by the Adjutant, and delivered up into command of the Colonel, who proceeded to exercise it in the manual of arms and field manœuvres, in the presence of a crowd of spectators, who surrounded the ground, and by their presence lent additional animation to the scene, and urged the regiment to do its prettiest. The parade and drill occupied something more than an hour; and what with the brilliant uniforms, the arms glistening in the light of the setting sun, the beautiful music from the band, the prancing and neighing of steeds, the crowds of people, and the invigorating sea-breeze, was worthy of the encomiums and plaudits lavished upon it by the spectators.

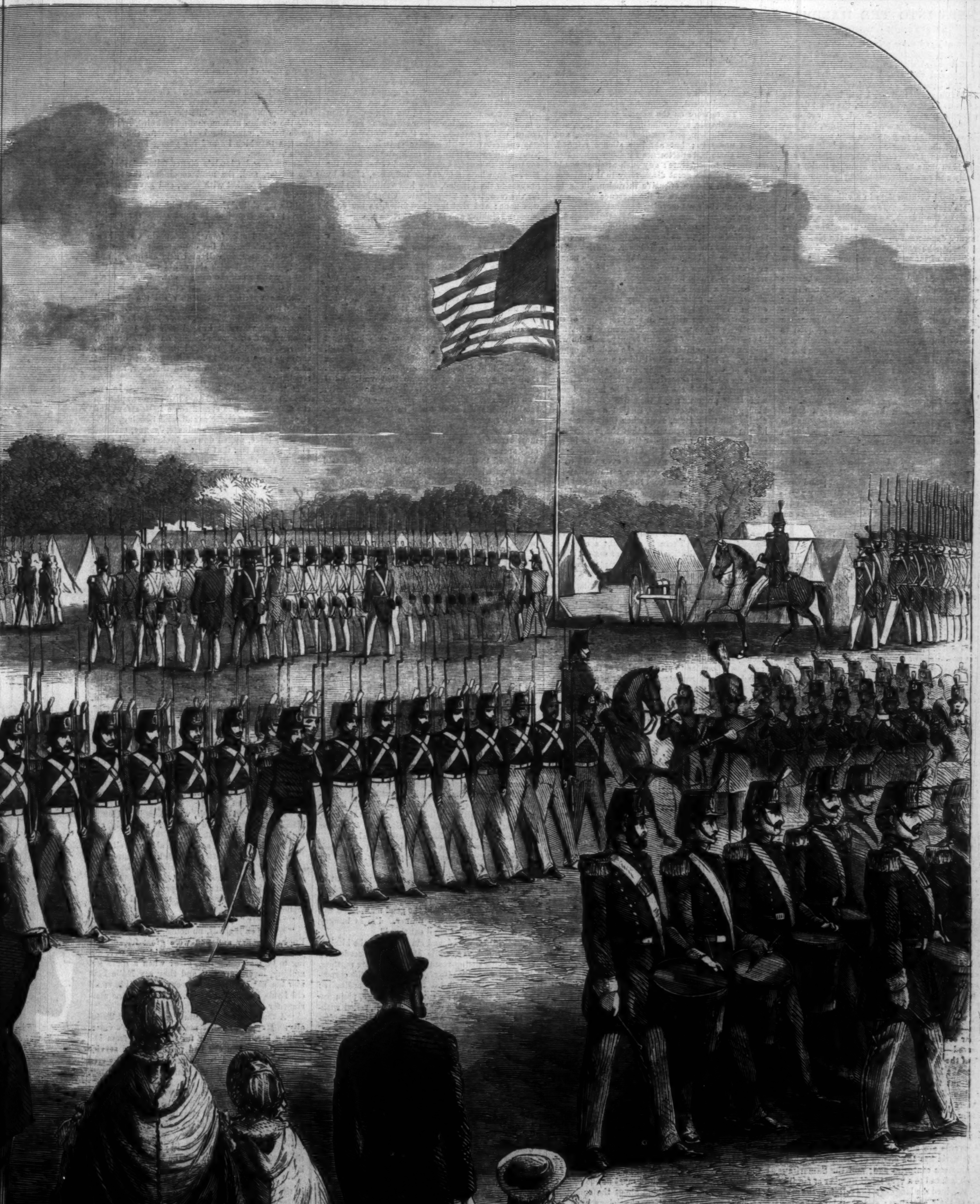
Evening parade being dismissed, the men retired to their tents to reclothe themselves in fatigue, or in overcoats and gray pants, as they were detailed for guard or were "off duty." "Guard-mounting" followed. This is the parade of the men detailed for night sentry duty, who relieve those that have served in that capacity during the day; and the assembly, as well as the transmission of the care of the camp from the old to the new guard, is a formula which attracted the attention and criticism of military men rather than of the generality of spectators; and as description would hardly explain it to the latter class, I pass it over. At sunset the engineer corps assembled at the flag-staff and fired the evening gun, at the same time that the ensign was lowered, and saluted by the band as it came down. Supper followed. The band played "Peas upon the Trencher;" whereupon the regiment assembled, and marched to the large mess-tent in rear of the camp, where the several companies ranged themselves on either side of tables radiating from a common centre, and, after all were seated, proceeded to attack, in a soldierly manner, the viands placed before them, consisting of good bread and butter, cold meats, etc., etc., washed down by tea and coffee.

Supper being over the men proceeded to amuse themselves as best they might, and there being no "duty" to perform except sentry duty, they usually get up some amusement in which all who do not stroll off from camp can join. The feature of the evening under consideration was a parade of the "National LIGHT Guard."

NEUTRAL TINT.



REVIEW OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. STATE MILITIA BY BRIGADIER GENERAL HALL, AT CA



CAMP SCOTT," ON THE RICHMOND CLUB GROUNDS, STATEN ISLAND, ON JULY 11, 1860—See Page 455.]

PEEPS INTO THE HAREM.

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

I have enjoyed some privileges, as a traveler, under the auspices of a doctorial degree, and though I am not dignified with an M.D. title, the LL.D., for all practical and useful purposes, did just as well in the Levant. In fact, having an official position during my progress, I was known among the Arabs as El Hakim El Kebir, the great doctor—the doctor par excellence—and was not only frequently consulted on medical matters, but permitted and invited to penetrate into some of the mysteries of that domestic life which is in general carefully screened from foreign observation. Much has not been done to convey accurate notions of the family and social interest among Mohammedan races.

I once dined with an Aga in a village of Palestine. No Mohammedans, except his own family, were among the guests, and he, like many of his race, did not hesitate in allowing himself more than one luxury denounced as sinful by the Koran, especially when he could screen himself from the observations of more severe and more censorious followers of Islam.

The dinner of the Aga over, conversation became more and more lively, and the colloquies ran from tongues, somewhat unbridled, upon the lovelier portion of creation. Under ordinary circumstances it is a great affront to talk to a Mohammedan of the lady portion of his household, or even to suppose or imply the existence of a female sex. You may venture upon a general and vague inquiry as to the well-being or well-doing of a family, but it would be ill-bred and impertinent to show any interest about the health of a mother, wife, or daughter, even though you may have heard rumors of sickness, or even of impending death.

But wine, and still more the Moya Inglis [brandy], thaws the frozen reserve, and opens the locked lips of conversation to the most forbidden topics, and our Aga began to talk of the beauties of his harem, and to describe to us some of the many handmaidens who looked up to him as their lord and master. We could not but express great interest in communications so eloquent; and complimented him on the possession of so many pearls of great price. At last his enthusiasm mounted to its full height, and his proud satisfaction broke out into an ejaculatory interrogation:

"Would you like to see the damsels?"

"Above all things," was the natural reply.

"Come along, then—come!"

And he himself led the way to an upper apartment.

It was a large room, surrounded by a cushioned divan, and female shawls and robes of silk were scattered over the carpets and rugs on the floor. There were many mirrors on the walls, and lamps hung from the ceiling, and the moment we entered the door, following closely the footsteps of the Aga, clamors and shrieks broke forth from voices more or less melodious or discordant:

"You Giaours! you infidels! you Christian dogs! what brings you here? Begone! begone!"

The Aga laughed aloud at the reception we experienced; but "the Christian dogs" were not a little perplexed and confounded; it was easy to perceive, though every one of the women drew her vail more closely over her face and round her shoulders, that the noisiest and loudest were the eldest of the ladies; so addressing myself to one whose accents were harmonious and fascinating, I said,

"So sweet a voice must belong to a pretty face."

Upon which the damsel suddenly uncovered her countenance, looked penetratingly upon me with her black and brilliant eyes, and exclaiming,

"You Giaour! you infidel!" laughed aloud, and drew the vail over her blushing cheeks. Again and again the same amusing comedy was performed by other ladies, with a readiness or a backwardness which might be measured by the presence or absence of personal charms; there were several who remained vailed through the whole of our visit with the most stubborn and stolid obstinacy. The Aga said they were the old and ugly ones of the harem. Woman is every where woman, proud—and well she may be proud—of her attractions.

"Now, then, let us withdraw," said the Aga. We bowed to the fair community, and retired, for the visit lasted only a few minutes, amidst many voices not altogether so boisterous or so impetuous as at our advance, but still they cried, "Infidels! infidels!"

I was not quite so fortunate on another occasion, when I was the guest of the Pacha of Nablous—the Shechem of the Old Testament, the Sychar of the New. To me Samaria has always appeared—next to Galilee—the most interesting part of the Holy Land, for the lies and legends of the monks have less intruded themselves, or they less haunt the traveler with their contradictions and absurdities; and the whole region represents, far more than does Judea, the unchanged characteristics of the Gospel History. Fables and groundless traditions crowd themselves into every part of Jerusalem, and even the sites of the most memorable events are subjects of doubtful disputation; but Samaria has the charm of being now what it was nineteen centuries ago; and the Samaritans, though reduced to a very small number of families, have retained the language, the religion, the prejudices of their ancestors; and they love the Jews as little as their ancestors did. To the Pacha I owed a friendly introduction to the Samaritan sheiks, one of whom was his principal scribe; and I received from them many courtesies and kindnesses. In answer to some inquiries, my host offered to show me the female apartments of the palace; but this was not after dinner; and he had not accommodated his conscience to his tastes, nor found arguments for surrendering his temperance to temptation, nor in wresting both the letter and spirit of the Koran to a very free interpretation. A messenger was dispatched to the harem, and soon after I accompanied the Pacha up stairs. We heard much bustle and confusion; and as the doors were opened we saw women scampering away in all directions along the balconies, and toward the inner apartments, in obvious haste and apprehension. They were all vailed, and the mode in which their garments hung about them showed that they had been unprepared for so sudden an exodus. We found the rooms in "most admired disorder," and every thing looked as if the late occupants had been menaced with, and taken flight from fire and sword, earthquake, or other convulsion. There were on the carpets and the divans Cashmere shawls, and unfinished embroidery, and decorated slippers, and musical instruments, and broken nosegays; but absolute silence reigned. Beyond these last apartments I neither penetrated nor sought to penetrate; any such attempt would have been alike a great discourtesy to the rules of the country, and an offensive intrusion. The ladies were not unaware of the presence of foreign guests, and the next morning bouquets of fragrant flowers and sweetmeats, prepared by their own fair fingers, were brought to us for acceptance. The most distinguished and acceptable present from the ladies of the harem is, however, a fairly-woven kerchief, or napkin, on which the receiver's name, or a verse of poetry, or a sentence of the Koran, is wrought in Arabic letters of gold.

There is a little hidden coquetry in all women's nature which, conceal it as they may, will break out in the presence of admiring man, and ordinarily the coquetry will be in the proportion of the comeliness of the possessor. No woman is insensible to the charms of her own beauty, and she will seldom fail to exhibit it when she finds the opportunity. It is not an unusual thing among Mussulmans of wealth, when they invite strangers, to give musical or theatrical entertainments after their meals, which the women of the harem honor with their presence; but they are concealed behind gratings and curtains, so that no guest can distinguish their faces, even when their voices are heard; but I have remarked that the *prettiest* feet are invariably put out under the curtain to be observed and admired, and that through every opening of the damask the *brightest* eyes were to be seen; and one might always be certain that the loudest tittle-tattle was from the youngest and fairest of the crowd; the master of the house seldom reproves an exhibition from his birds of paradise when fairly and safely caged. If the chances are few which a pretty girl of the harem has to exhibit her graces, she has the ready ingenuity to avail herself of them. There is no doubt a charm in winning the admiration of the other sex—a charm which, in the Levant, sometimes tempts a lady beyond the limits of maiden modesty and Western decorum. It is the breaking of the string of an overstretched bow.

The first resting-place on the principal road from Damascus to Jerusalem is a very ancient city, and was known by the name of Khan Shekune. It has still some gates of brass—evidence of the great antiquity of the place. The government is administered by a native Syrian, an old man, to whom, as to all the rulers of the country, I had a general recommendatory firman signed by the Sultan. On our way thither we heard much of the extraordinary beauty of the old Sheik's young wife, who had the fame of being the most lovely woman that had ever been spoken of in those regions, and who was—jealous and distrustful as Oriental husbands frequently are—the object of special jealousy, but, at the same time, of the most affectionate admiration, on the part of her husband. Concealed and secluded, though she lived in the darkness of the harem, yet the brightness of her fair countenance shone by the reflection of its fame like a remote star in the heavens, and the old Sheik was an object of envy to a thousand youths less privileged than he in their domestic treasures. It was sunset when we reached the Sheik's abode, but he came to meet us with the most urbane and perfect courtesy, and the usual phrases that his house was honored by our presence.

We observed evidence of much disquietude on the good Sheik's visage, and it was obvious he was wrestling with some sore but untold anxiety, and that he desired to get rid of a burden which pressed heavily on his mind. At last he let fall that there was sorrow in the harem, that the child of his old age was sick, and, as he feared, at the point of death. "Doctor, will you heal my child?" was his inquiry.

Now the infant boy had been born to the beautiful bride, and I own to a petty plot, which I then concocted in my thoughts, that I might possibly, through the desire of the father to save the suffering child, get a peep at the charming mother, the echoed fame of whose loveliness was still sounding in my ears, and, let me own it, much sharpened my curiosity.

"Well, then," I answered, "take me to the harem, and I will see what is to be done!"

"Impossible!" said the Sheik; "impossible!"

"But if the child die, and you should be visited by the thought that the Hakim could and would have saved it?"

"Impossible!" he repeated. "It can not be."

"If the child is not relieved, he will die."

"Alas! but you can not be permitted to enter the harem. Shall the infant be brought out?"

"By no means—the child must not be exposed. Besides, men know nothing about the complaints of children. We Western physicians have only one way of proceeding. We talk to the mother—that is invariably our practice. We hear from her the symptoms of the complaint, and we prescribe only after getting all possible information—information which the mother alone is able to give."

"It can not be! it can not be!" he repeated with new emphasis.

"I am sorry for it," was all my reply.

He hung down his head, saluted me, and quickly left the apartment.

It was some hours after this interlude that the Sheik again made his appearance and approached me.

"It was very disagreeable—very annoying; but what must be, must. He could not run the risk of losing his child. Would I do him the favor to follow him?"

I bowed, of course, with great complacency, inwardly rejoicing on the success of my admirable arrangement, but giving no outward sign of self-gratulation or delight.

He preceded me with a slow and seemingly hesitating step. He unlocked, he opened the doors of several apartments, through which we advanced to the sanctum sanctorum of the women. Upon a many-colored rug lay a poor emaciated suffering infant, which seemed two or three months old. It was encumbered with garments; it had the Mohammedan rosary round its neck, and its body was covered with amulets, charms, and verses from the Koran, to whose miraculous influence, aided by prayers to the Prophet, they had ventured to look for the recovery of the patient. Other hope there was none: and that hope had failed, as the child appeared sinking and to be past recovery.

Hanging over the child, looking like a statue of grief, a vailed woman was seated.

To her I addressed myself, but not a word did she reply. She seemed abandoned to sorrow and absorbed in contemplation of the little sufferer on the Persian rug. A sigh escaped her, and my sympathy was strongly excited. I pursued my inquiries as to the complaints of the infant. What was its age? How long had it been ill? What had been done for its recovery? Who had been consulted? What were the symptoms? Did it get any sleep? and so forth: but only indistinct replies were given to my questionings. I said, "You must speak more plainly. If your language were English, I should have difficulty in understanding you talking through that vail, and I comprehend your Syriac-Arabic very imperfectly. You must remove your vail, and you may then be intelligible, and I shall know better what to prescribe for your boy." She shook her head; it seemed as if I made no impression. I insisted more strongly. I said I was an English doctor, only accustomed to the practice of English mothers. We talked to them with unvailed faces; they told us all we wished to know; they gave every particular of their children's indisposition; and we were able then to see more clearly what ought to be done. Moved by my increasing urgency, she raised her hands, threw off her vail, stared me in the face—an ugly hag of a woman, worn and wrinkled. "I am the old wife," were the only words she uttered.

"Sold, sold!" I exclaimed to the Sheik; and I could not check an outburst of laughter as we left the harem together. I did, however, give some medicine for the child, and learned afterward that he had got well.

I have availed myself of such opportunities as I have had to learn from intelligent Orientals themselves their views as to the comparative influences of polygamy and monogamy upon domestic happiness; and the result has been most favorable to that policy consecrated by Christian laws and Christian usages, by which one man and one woman are exclusively bound together by the marital link, and the children only of such marriages deemed to be the legitimate descendants of their parents.

VILLAGE ROSES AND THORNS.

The village of Auray-le-Clocher was situated on the side of a hill, basking in sunshine. At the entrance of the single, rough-paved village street, guiltless of trottoirs, and with a gutter in the middle, stood the church, and inclosed with it, the presbytère, which was inhabited only by the curé, his single maid-servant, and a little boy of nine or ten years old, the orphan nephew of the latter.

Up and down, in the shade, the curé paced, reading in his breviary one of the portions allotted for daily perusal.

Clattering about in sabots, on the pavement in front of the house, was little Claude, the nephew of Jeanne, the curé's servant.

"I say, little one," said the good man, "tell thy aunt to make haste with dinner. I'm as hungry as a wolf; run, or I shall eat thee!"

The child laughed, and clumped into the kitchen with his message, while M. Leroy proceeded up stairs to his sitting-room, and, to expedite matters, drew the table into its place, and out of the corner-cupboard extracted his bottle of vin ordinaire: wretched thin stuff: a tumbler, a coarse, plain linen table-cloth, and a napkin to match, rolled within its ivory ring, on which an inscription hospitably wished the user "Good appetite."

While occupied in these arrangements, a back door, leading to the other rooms, above and below, opened, and Jeanne made her appearance to lay the cloth.

"Par exemple, M. le Curé!" was her exclamation, when she saw how her master was employed; and taking the things from his hands, she began to perform her service. She was a good-looking woman of about four or five and twenty, but, like nearly all French peasants, appeared some years older. Her features were regular, with the exception of a somewhat coarse mouth; her dark eyes were fine, and surmounted by well-marked brows, and her complexion was of a rich, warm brown, with a good deal of color. Altogether, a handsome specimen of her class, but with a taciturn gravity of countenance and demeanor somewhat unusual.

The curé sat down in his arm-chair, with a book, while Jeanne brushed round the table and about the room. It was evident his reading occupied little of his attention; for, whenever he could direct it unobserved to the servant he did so, and finally, when she left the room, he flung down the volume, murmuring, with an expression of profound concern,

"The pror girl! the unhappy!" and remaining absorbed in evidently painful reflections till the sound of her by no means light step on the stairs aroused him.

But it must have been no common grief that could materially affect the curé's appetite, and when Jeanne had produced, in one course, the whole of the dinner, consisting of the usual soup and bouilli, a salad, a dish of potatoes cooked in butter, and a dish of the light-red pine-apple strawberries, of which whole fields are grown wherever the vicinity of a town of any size affords a market for them, M. Leroy fell-to with hearty good-will and made very short work of the repast. Then he sat down in the arm-chair, and quietly composed himself to his post-prandial nap, while the roses nodded outside the window at him, and a blackbird, from the grove below, sang thanks to him for the ruddy cherries to which he and his young family were made welcome.

Jeanne's and Claude's dinner followed that of the master, and, the meal concluded, the former filled a little basket with eggs, and gave it to the boy.

"Go, my child," she said, "with this to Madame Morel; say Monsieur le Curé sends them with many compliments. Then go on to the Croix-Blanche, and ask, from Monsieur le Curé, how Madame Ledoux and her daughter are, and, coming back, you may call at Uncle Jacques's, and say to Pierrette I wish she would come down the first day this week she can get out. Go, and don't break the eggs, and bring back the basket. Mind."

Jeanne watched at the door till the boy had passed through and latched the garden gate. Then she returned to the kitchen, took a large key down from a nail where it hung beside the projecting chimney, and once more looking out and all round, she re-entered and proceeded through long, dark, tortuous passages to the room that formed the last of a straggling series, unlocked the door, and entered.

It was a small, gloomy lumber-room. In one corner the long-collected dust had been swept from the floor, where was spread some fresh straw, and on it, rolled up, a mattress and some bedding. After listening intently for a minute, Jeanne, satisfied by the silence, pulled down a broken-legged chair and a ragged rug that were placed on the top of a box in the obscurest part of the room, and from within it drew a bundle tied up in an old colored handkerchief. Opening this carefully, several articles of baby's clothing, some complete, some in progress, all of the commonest description, but carefully made and clean, were disclosed, and Jeanne, taking working materials from her pocket, began stitching away at an unfinished frock with feverish rapidity, still pausing now and then, with that look of intense anxiety, to listen.

For more than an hour she worked undisturbed; then, as if fearing to remain longer away from her usual employments, she, putting into her pocket a half-finished cap, which might be worked at in any stray moments, tied up the bundle, restored it to the box, and again covered the latter with the rug and chair, as before. Then carefully locking the door behind her, she returned to the kitchen.

She did so just in time; for, while she was putting together the brands that, during her absence, had burned through in the middle, and, falling outward, become scattered and nearly extinguished, an old crone, half-beggar, half-peasant, and commonly reported witch, tottered into the kitchen. Standing just within the threshold, her knotted, claw-like hands crossed on the top of her staff, she gave Jeanne a bon jour, and there remained, contemplating the girl, with a grin intolerable to be borne.

"Sit down, Mère Gausset," Jeanne said, crossing herself in secret, as she turned to place a chair for the unwelcome guest. "Sit down; the warm weather's come at last; that ought to agree with your rheumatism."

"Eh, eh, well enough, well enough. How is Monsieur le Curé?—and yourself?" suddenly, and with a scrutinizing look.

"Monsieur's well; and I, I'm always well."

"So much the better, so much the better, my girl; ready to dance at the wedding on Thursday? Ah, it'll be a fine wedding."

So deadly a whiteness overspread the girl's face that she turned from the hag to conceal it as she replied,

"So I hear."

"Well, you'll see it, no doubt, that'll be better. Eugène Landry and you were great friends last year, I remember; every body said you were going to be married. But, alas! when a girl's got nothing, lover's are shy, and they say Mélie Prunier has not only a good dowery, but will have all old Louis Prunier's savings. Oh, it's a fine marriage for Eugène."

"A fine marriage," Jeanne repeated mechanically. Happily, at that moment, the curé's voice, calling her, released her for the instant from her torture, and when she had performed the service for which she had been summoned she lingered about up stairs till the old woman, tired of waiting, took her departure.

At night, Jeanne went solitary and sad to her bed: in the morning, when she went about her work, she left an infant sleeping in it. What she had gone through that night none but God and her own poor heart could tell.

"Jeanne! how dreadfully ill you look, my girl!" the curé said, as he entered the kitchen. "What is the matter?"

"I am not very well," she replied. "I was ill in the night, and had bad dreams; but I am much better now, monsieur; it's nothing—it will all pass away."

M. Leroy paused, hesitated, sighed; he would fain have sought her confidence, fain have reassured him as to the suspicions that, never occurring to himself, had lately been suggested by village gossip. But Jeanne went to and fro, bestirring herself in a way to make any such opportunity difficult, and, with a slow step and anxious mind, the curé went out to tend his roses.

Through the next three and four days the subject still haunted him, but by degrees less painfully and at longer intervals. Jeanne seemed getting well again, and was, he fancied, less preoccupied; less oppressed with some hidden care than, despite all her efforts to conceal the fact, she had lately been. He had had some knowledge of Eugène Landry's former attachment to her, and he now began to think that it was Eugène's faithlessness alone that had so weighed upon her mind.

On the sixth day from the wedding Jeanne came to him with a troubled face. Her mother was alarmingly ill; she had had a letter from a neighbor, entreating that, if the curé could spare her, she would lose no time in coming to her. M. Leroy scanned the face before him—a face whose color went and came, and whose set mouth and desperately beseeching eyes told all that hung on his reply. He could not keep her in that agony of suspense; he could not, by the hint, even, of a perhaps unmerited suspicion, further torture her; so he consented.

It was a distance of nearly five leagues to Montrouge, the village where Jeanne's mother resided, and there being only chance communications between it and Auray-le-Clocher, she had no means of getting there except on foot. She was yet far from strong, and the weather was hot; but, on the mission on which she was going, solitude was wholly indispensable, and this she could only secure by walking.

She had arranged with her cousin Pierrette to take her place in the curé's household during her absence; and now all things were prepared for her departure, which was to take place before even the early June dawn, that she might get beyond the risk of recognition while Auray and its neighborhood was yet buried in sleep.

Strange, terrible, and yet crossed with gleams of stormy sunshine, had been the experience of those last few days to Jeanne. Happily her child was a healthy and a quiet one, and passed most of the hours of its first days in sleep. Still what agonies of vigilance lest its occasional cries should be heard, lest the frequency of her visits to its hiding-place should be noticed, lest Claude should, at any time, track her there unawares! Yet, with all this, the passionate love she had for the infant—the ecstasies of maternal pride and tenderness that not all the shame, and terror, and suffering of her situation could smother—gave her moments she would have purchased at almost any price; and though the child's removal would put an end to this perpetual state of anxious terror, she yet dreaded the separation almost as much as she desired the relief.

She had not confided her secret to any one; though she had been forced tacitly to admit the truth to her cousin Pierrette, who suspected it, but who, after a few leading questions, had, in pity, forborne to inquire further, and who did not come to take her place till some hours after her departure.

Before daylight, Jeanne, with her precious burden sleeping in her arms, and a basket containing the child's clothes and some little provision for the journey, stole out of the presbytère, and through the garden wicket, into the sleeping village, whose length she had to traverse before gaining the road to Montrouge.

The moon had set, and though some stars still twinkled, the night was densely dark. Trembling, listening, seeking to penetrate the obscurity, she paused an instant before the church to assure herself she was unobserved, ere she fairly started on her way. At first all was dead silence; then she fancied she heard—fancied she saw—something, that had been crouching by the white wall of the garden, near the gate, stir and rise slowly. Like a deer that suddenly scents its pursuers, she turned and fled, finding her way through the dark street and over the rough, sharp stones rather by instinct than sight, stopping not till the rapidity of her course had so exhausted her breath that she was forced to pause to regain it.

By this time she was well out in the open country, and the dim line of the white road just sufficiently visible to her eyes, accustomed to the darkness, to secure her against the danger of losing her way. Then she began to feel a little reassured, and to try to reason away her late panic: it might have been fancy altogether, the effect of an over-tired brain; or, as the impression had been so strong that she could not quite overcome it by any attempts to refuse the evidence of her senses, she persuaded herself that what she could not deny she had seen and heard was a dog, goat, or other animal, that her footsteps had disturbed. So probable, indeed, did this solution appear, that—her reason having nothing to suggest to contradict it—she was fain to reassure herself with such explanation, and turning her thoughts as well as steps forward, she began once more to rehearse the dreaded scene of confession to her mother, who was utterly ignorant of the events that were so suddenly to be brought before her, and whose alleged illness had been, of course, merely a pretext to make this escape.

By the time that the June morning was in its waking flush Jeanne had got so far on her way, without immediately encountering any one, that she now began to feel there was comparatively little risk of detection. Still, she said to herself, she must yet push on, and not think of wasting a moment of the so precious morning hours. But ere she had got much further on her way, she began to feel that she was not in a condition to travel either very fast or very far; and she reflected that it would be better to husband her strength before fatigue overcame it, than to put it all forth at once, and perhaps unfit herself for the completion of her journey.

There was, she knew, not much further on, a little wood, and she now resolved that there should end her first stage. She could find shelter, rest, and concealment among the trees, without going far from the road; and this repose, with some food, would, she hoped, quite recruit her to continue her journey by two or three easy stages, if she found she could not make the rest of it in one. So she walked on bravely, keeping a look-out for the little wood.

Suddenly a turn of the road brought her on a party of men, women, and children, half gipsies, half strollers, seated in a green spot by the highway, round their fire. One or two of them looked at her as she passed, but took no further notice, and she continued her way till some hundred yards further on she perceived, sitting at the foot of a tree, a woman whose general appearance seemed to mark her as one of the party she had just left behind, but whose attitude of grief—her body crouched together, her head bowed down on her hands—might sufficiently account for her thus isolating herself from the rest.

Hearing a footstep she looked up, and showed a dark face, still young, but marked with an expression of despair so intense, so hopeless, and at the same time so sullen, that Jeanne's quiet sense of compassion for her was tinged with a touch of fear, and she instinctively shrank from the long, fixed gaze with which the woman followed her. After she had passed she looked back, and perceiving she was still the object of the same uncomfortable scrutiny, a thousand vague anxieties assailed her.

She tried to recall the face, to remember where and how she could ever have seen it before; but her memory entirely failed to bring before her any previous association with it; and fancying that the woman must have been deceived by some mistaken identity, she tried to dismiss the subject from her mind. Shortly after, coming within sight of the wood where she proposed to rest, the sense of approaching relief turned her thoughts into another channel.

Turning from the road, she soon found a spot that seemed perfectly suited to her purpose: a couch of thick moss, hidden from the highway, not alone by the intervening trees, but by a bank, overshadowed by a great gnarled and hollow oak, and further cooled and freshened by the flow of a little brook. Here she sat down, bathed her hot and dusty face and hands, and having eaten some of the food she had brought with her, and nursed her child, she settled herself for repose. With the murmur of the brook and the faint, regular respiration of her infant in her ears, the soft green light, with here and there a little spot of blue heaven, or a white sailing cloud passing before her upturned face, in her eyes, the sense of all outward things became confounded, and she fell into the first really profound and dreamless sleep she had known for many weeks.

Then there came, stealing along with cat-like footfall and suspended breath, parting, with strong but cautious hand, the flexile branches, stopping by moments to look and listen, then creeping on again, the woman with the terrible face; far more terrible now from the feline intensity of greedy purpose stamped in every line of it. A few more long, lithe, crawling steps brought her beside the mother and child.

Noiselessly she stooped over them, pausing and gazing, never for an instant relenting in her purpose, but studying the best means to execute it. The child lay clasped in the fold of the mother's arm, and now to withdraw it without disturbing her was at once the woman's desire and difficulty. Plucking a stem of feather-grass, she, with its fringed tip, touched the back of Jeanne's hand, ready to drop and crouch behind her, so that, should the sleeper be so far disturbed as to open her eyes, her tormentor might not be visible. But, as the latter guessed, her sleep was too profound for this, and she merely twitched her hand, and then, on a repetition of the application, threw out the arm on the ground beside her, leaving the infant exposed.

In a second it was in the dark woman's grasp, and she was up and away, one arm clasping it close to her breast, the other hand ready to lay on its mouth and still its cries, if it should attempt to utter any; but it only started and murmured in its sleep, and was quiet again.

The woman sped on, without pausing an instant, till she came to a spot in the wood removed a considerable distance from where Jeanne lay, but still only on the border, her course having been nearly parallel to the high road, though not visible from it. Here she paused, and kneeling by a little spot where the ground had been newly disturbed, though a careful covering of moss and dead leaves almost concealed the part, she bent, and kissing the sod, murmured,

"Adieu, little angel; le bon Dieu has given me one to replace thee!" Then, rising, she once more sped onward, and was soon out of sight.

It was past mid-day when Jeanne awoke, with a terrible dream of the dark woman.

She knew, the instant she found her child gone, what had become of it; but that was small guide, nor greater comfort. Wild and desperate, all thought but that of recovering the baby left her; she cared not who might recognize her, who might know her disgrace; could proclaiming it in the streets of Auray have brought back what she had lost, willingly would she have paid such a price for its restoration. But what to do now? how to trace the woman? In the horrible shock and confusion of her senses no definite plan at first presented itself; but when, by a violent and determined effort, she collected them, she saw the only chance for her was to retrace her steps to where the strollers had been assembled, and endeavor from them to obtain some clew.

Turning backward, then, she rapidly traversed the ground she had so wearily trodden some hours before. A wayfarer, plodding through the dust, paused to look after the distracted woman, and a little boy herding goats by the wayside crossed himself with mingled fear and pity.

She came at last to the spot she sought; but it was vacant. The brands yet smouldered on the burned turf, scraps of rags, and dirty paper, and straw littered the ground, the grass still lay crushed and trampled by the dusty feet. But the wanderers were gone, and Jeanne recollected with a feeling of agony that a little further on three roads branched off in different directions, and that unless she could fall on some accidental trace of their course, the chances were two to one against her taking the right one. She traced the way back to where the roads separated. The probabilities seemed altogether in favor of their keeping the main road, which led to Auray. In her despair she had just decided on retracing her steps even thither, when the figure of a man in the distance, coming from that direction, raised a gleam of hope. Hastily joining him, she asked him if he had met the party she described. The man stared at her, took off his hat, deliberately wiped his face with the dirty colored handkerchief it contained, restored the handkerchief to the hat, and the hat to the head, and then replied in the negative.

"Where had he come from? From far? From beyond Auray-le-Clocher?"

He nodded.

"Then he must have seen them if they had passed?"

"Probably."

"But there were so many of them, and they looked so different to ordinary travelers; and they had a van, with a white horse! He *could* not be mistaken if he had seen them at all!"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Savoir! he had rested by the way, he might have slept, they might have passed him while he was asleep."

Jeanne could get nothing more out of him, but still, maddening as was his stolidity, she was disposed to gather from his replies that the chances were against the travelers having taken that route. She resolved to let chance guide her steps, and therefore, with an instinctive shrinking from the glare of the sun, chose the more shady.

On, and on, and on, till her feet were blistered, and her knees trembled, and her head throbbed. On and on till sunset. On and on till nightfall. No trace, no sign, no hope. Then she lay down under a bank by the wayside, and felt so utterly broken that she longed for death. But she was too young and too strong for death to make so easy a prey, and sheer exhaustion plunged her into a sleep that lasted till the chill of the coming dawn roused her, stiff and sore, covered with dust, damp with dew, but having no thought beyond that of continuing her search.

Thus for two days and two nights more she wandered, and wandered in vain. Then, with what little power of mind was still left her, she decided to return to Auray, and rather with the instinct that directs a dog on his homeward way than by any more reasoned process, she traced her road back to the presbytère by the evening of the fourth day.

In vain Pierrette questioned her; in vain Claude crept to her side and timidly looked up in her haggard face. She had no answer to give, but shook her head and rocked herself in her chair, or stared blankly into the fire. The curé had gone for a game of billiards to the Mairie, and Pierrette could only get her to go passively to bed—all attempts to induce her to touch food were vain—and sit by her till, to get rid of the well-intentioned cares of her cousin, Jeanne turned her face to the wall and pretended to sleep.

Some weeks went by, and Jeanne had fallen into her usual course of duties; but quite mechanically, and as one to whom nothing in life could give a moment of interest or excitement. Her state of mind was a sort of dull, lifeless fatalism, that accepted all things as parts of a crushing, relentless destiny, which she could neither comprehend nor resist, and which she could only bow under so long as her strength lasted. But it was fated that she should be roused from this condition, and in a startling manner.

She was arrested on a charge of infanticide.

At the trial the chain of evidence was painfully conclusive. Her attachment to Eugène Landry had been known, and her condition had, for many weeks back, been more than suspected in the village.

The widow Gausset was the principal witness against her. This woman happened to be about the house more than once at night during the ensuing week; she had heard distinctly, in the darkness and in the silence, the cries of a new-born infant proceeding from the house; she happened again, by another of the same strange chances, to be in the street, near the presbytère, not long after midnight on the sixth night after the wedding; she had been surprised and startled by hearing some one come out of the curé's garden; she had watched to see who it might be, and, though the night was dark, she had been able to distinguish a woman, carrying something in her arms, who fled on seeing her. The widow Gausset, much surprised at this circumstance, had gone the next day to the presbytère to relate what she had witnessed, deeming it a duty so to do. She had found Jeanne gone, to see her dying mother, as she was told. She had not much believed the story, but she had thought the affair was no business of hers; she did not wish to compromise the girl, so she had said no more about the matter at the time.

But since then she had reflected a good deal on the matter, and several circumstances (the last and most important of which had caused her to feel the necessity of revealing all she herself knew on the subject) had, strangely enough, been brought before her. In her wanderings—for she gained a living by going about to the neighboring farms and villages, subsisting on the charity of all good souls, or by effecting cures on cattle that were sick, or affected by the evil eye, or other charms—she had visited Jeanne's mother, and, on speaking to her of her illness and of her daughter's visit, had been amazed to learn that the old woman had never been ill, and had never seen her daughter. Finding this, her suspicions had been so much excited that she—always as a matter of duty—had made every inquiry in the neighborhood and on the road between Montrouge and Auray, and had learned that several persons had seen a young woman whose description precisely answered Jeanne's appearance. For instance, a wayfaring man, who had found a job of work at Montrouge, which had kept him there for some time, and a little goat-herd, especially, had seen her come out of a wood by the road-side, in such an agitated condition that they had fancied her mad. These persons being called, their evidence wholly corroborated the Mère Gausset's testimony. Lastly, came the circumstance which, as the old widow declared, had made her feel it was imperative on her to bring to light all she had learned respecting the affair:

Returning from Montrouge, she was accompanied by a dog that she had cured of the distemper, and that she was taking back to his owner at Auray. Arrived at the wood described by the last witnesses, the dog had run in among the trees, and being unable to bring him back by calling, and fearing to lose him, she had followed to a certain spot, where she found him tearing up the ground with his paws. Finding all efforts to get him away impossible, she had, in some curiosity, further excited by the fact that the ground had evidently been lately disturbed, waited to ascertain what might be the object of his search, and shortly, to her horror and amazement, she saw revealed the body of an infant.

Here the mayor of Auray deposed to the old woman's having made known to him her discovery; of his having, accompanied by her and the other witnesses, gone to the spot and found the body (she had covered it up loosely again, and, by tying a handkerchief round the dog's neck, had dragged him away from it by force); and of his having confided it for examination to Dr. Lenormand, whose testimony followed.

The doctor declared that, in consequence of the state of decomposition in which the body was found, it was impossible to say exactly how old the infant might have been—but probably a week or ten days, possibly a fortnight. There were no marks of external violence on it, but, as far as he could judge, from its existing condition, there was reason to suspect that it might have been smothered. He had seen one or two cases of infants that had been overlain, where the respiratory organs had presented appearances to which those in the case in question seemed to bear a strong analogy.

Pierrette, the curé, last of all Jeanne's mother, were called in to bear evidence, and what they had to say could in no degree invalidate the testimony of the previous witnesses.

So Jeanne Decaisne was declared guilty of child-murder, with the plea, usual in France, where the life of the culprit is at stake (except in cases of the most exaggerated atrocity), of extenuating circumstances. She was sentenced to the travaux forcés for life.

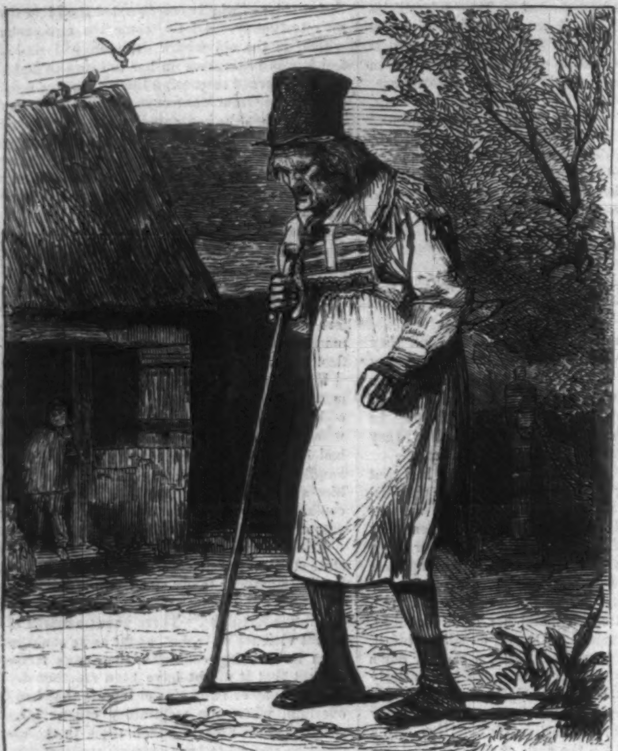
Jeanne was carried from the court in a state of insensibility. Next morning, when, at dawn, the jailer entered her cell, he found her crouched in a heap in the remotest corner. He spoke to her, but when, obtaining no answer, he laid his hand on her shoulder, she sprang at him, demanding her child; and such was her violence that it required three men to hold her down and bind her. From this state, which lasted, with little intermission, for some weeks, she gradually fell into one of dull, apathetic imbecility, and, in that condition, as she was generally harmless, though occasionally, and at long intervals, subject to fits of passion, her mother was permitted to take her to her own home, where she remained till the period of the old woman's death, which occurred some twelve or thirteen years later. Then Claude, who, thanks to his own steadiness and intelligence, and to the curé's protection, had got an excellent place as gardener at the neighboring Château de Plancy, took on himself the charge of the afflicted woman.

Sixteen years had slipped away, bringing their changes to Auray-le-Clocher.

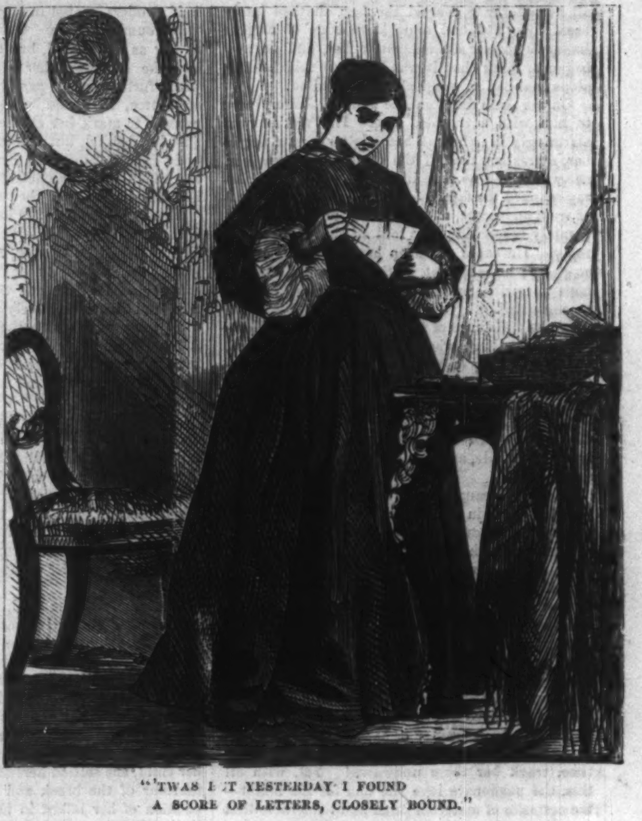
The curé, though an aged, was still a hale and hearty man, and went about his duties with little diminished activity. His eye and his hand at billiards were not what they used to be, but, on the other hand, his skill in the cultivation of his roses had so much increased, that one of them gained the prize at the horticultural show of the chief town of the department, and became known all over France as the Beauty of Auray. The Mère Gausset, whose reputation of witchcraft, with the dread and dislike that belonged to it, had become yet more general since Jeanne's conviction, had grown paralytic and half-crazed, and not even the strongest-minded of the inhabitants of the village could pass by where the hag would lie crouching in some sunny corner, a hideous spectacle, mumbling and mowing, or at intervals bursting into impotent shrieking rages at some fancied affront, without shuddering and crossing themselves.

Great preparations were made, as usual, for the fête of Auray. The altar of Sainte Suzanne, the patroness of the village, was newly decorated, and adorned with fresh flowers, among which shone conspicuous some of the curé's best roses, and various specimens of young Claude's skill in horticulture. Next came the procession, with all its attendant pomps of music (so called), banners, and priestly vestments, rich with silk, gold, and embroidery; and then the fair, where, in booths, were collected enough bad gingerbread to sicken the youth of both sexes of Auray for the next ten days. Besides these were ornaments of glass and china, dolls, toys, baskets, brooms, mats, watering-pots, farm, garden, and household implements of every description; and as to melons, large, pale yellow, smooth-coated fruits, closely related to pumpkins, it seemed as if all the land about Auray must have been exclusively devoted to their culture. You saw them piled in heaps, you saw them separately, you saw them whole, you saw them divided; the air was redolent of melons, the ground was encumbered with melon-rinds; women carried them under their arms, men cut them up with the clasp-knife that answers to every mechanical need of the French peasant, and children gnawed every eatable particle from the rinds. Then there were swings and merry-go-rounds, with wooden horses, and boards for a game distantly related to bagatelle, and there was shooting at a plaster figure with the arbalète or cross-bow, and there were a few shows of an humble character.

But the great attraction was reserved for the evening, when, in an interval of the dancing, some wonderful performances, chiefly of a dramatic character, though the acrobatic, pyrotechnic, and pres-



"ONLY LOOK AT GAFFER GREY
CREEPING SLOWLY ON HIS WAY."



"'TWAS BUT YESTERDAY I FOUND
A SCORE OF LETTERS, CLOSELY BOUND."

tidigitatory elements of entertainment were not wanting, were to take place, executed by a strolling company.

The public, on the payment of one sou for those who were content to stand, of three for such as desired the luxury of seats, were admitted into a temporary inclosure formed of mats, canvas, and old tarpaulins stretched on posts planted in the sward, and the entertainment commenced by a short, wiry individual, with a swarthy face, keen black eyes, and fabulous head of frizzly black hair, performing a frenzied dance, blindfold, in a space of about two square yards, where were laid six eggs, without breaking one of them. This feat completed, amidst the applause of the spectators, the gentleman, tearing the bandage from his eyes, made a sweeping bow to the company, and retreated with a short backward run behind the canvas screen, which formed the green-room.

In a few seconds issued from the same retreat a dark, hard-featured woman, looking considerably past forty, though she had probably hardly reached that age, accompanied by a slight girl of from fifteen to seventeen, who, though thin and worn-looking, had some beauty in a pair of large soft blue eyes, and a profusion of rich waved brown hair.

Having sung one or two songs, to the woman's accompaniment on a cracked guitar, the girl, taking from her hand a tambourine, began to dance to the same music, and the spectators were in the height of their enjoyment, when there came a movement from behind, attended with a cry that sent a shudder through the assembly, and Jeanne, clearing the way before her, as the course of some furious animal divides the densest crowd, plunged forward, and seizing the left hand of the dancer, turned upward the under side of the wrist. There, traversed by blue veins, and agitated by the throbbing of the pulse, was a rose-colored mark, in size and shape not unlike a rose-leaf.

"My child!" the poor soul shrieked, and clasped the dancer in an embrace in which seemed to be concentrated all the love so long cheated of its object; but the girl shrank from her in terror, and it was to the dark woman that she appealed with cries of "Mother!" for protection. Then came a struggle, a whirl, a heavy fall, the crash and smell and smoke of extinguished lights, a confusion from which the girl with difficulty extricated herself, and when the terrified bystanders at last succeeded in separating the women, the gipsy's lifeless head dropped forward—she was dead.

Jeanne lingered two days between life and death, between reason and insanity. At the last she recovered sufficiently to establish beyond doubt the identity of the little dancer with her stolen child. Assisted in her last moments by the curé, and attended by Claude and Rose, her daughter, she passed out of her troubled life quietly and in peace.

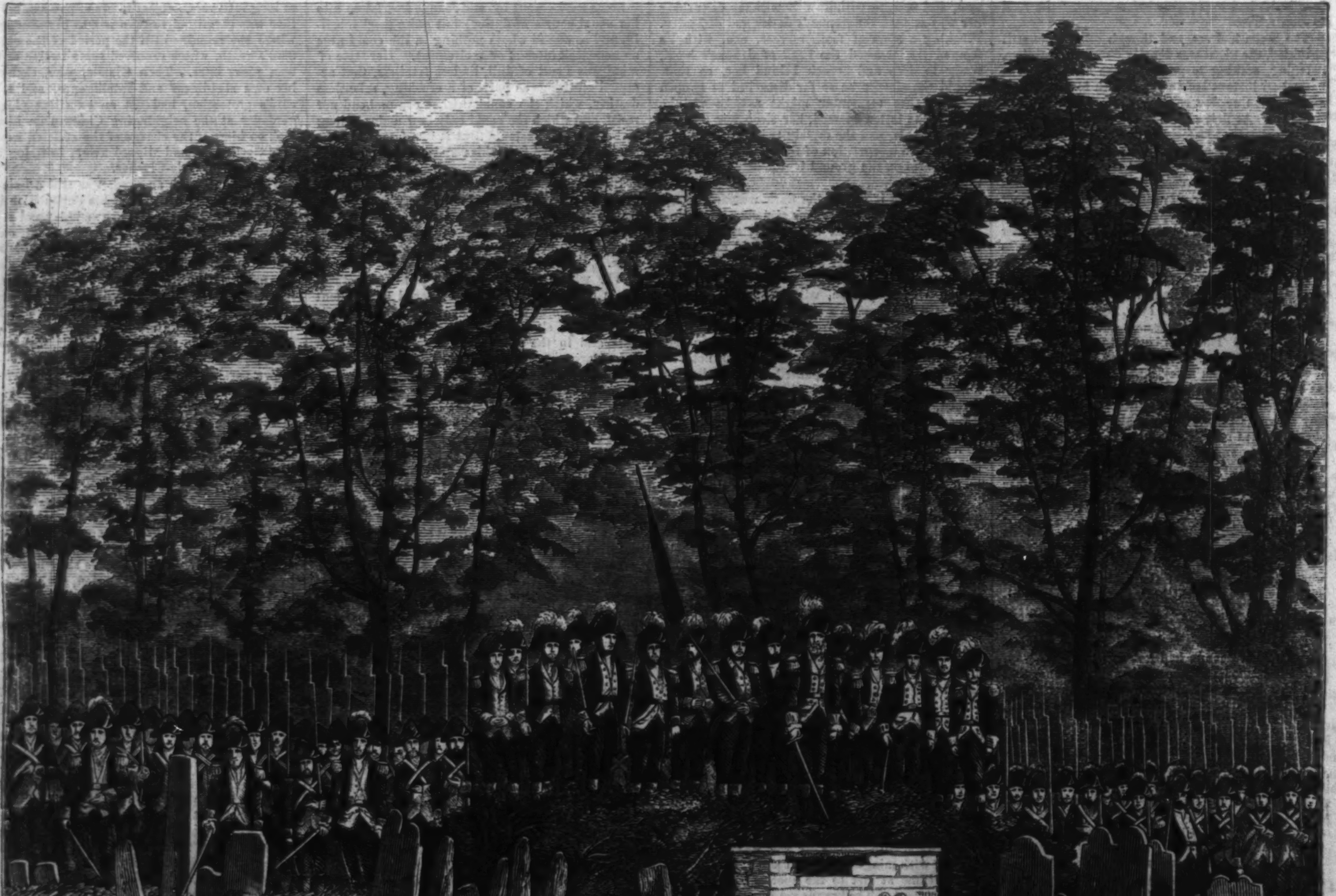
Claude took Rose to his own home, and married her as soon as it was possible to get through the brief preliminaries necessary. They lived, and died, and were buried peacefully at Auray, where, as has been said, many of their descendants are still settled, and where this chain of circumstances is still preserved.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Only look at Gaffer Grey
Creeping slowly on his way,
With a staff to help him stand,
Leant on with a shaking hand;
With a step that fears to meet
The pebbles of the village street;
With a cheek that falleth in,
And a very peaked chin;
With a forehead made of wrinkles
Carved in crosses, cranks, and crinkles,
And a voice so thin and mumbling
That his glee might pass for grumbling.
See his eyes so blear and dim,
And his beard so gray and grim;
See his legs, all lean and lank,
Dwindled down to skin and shank.
Poor old Gaffer Grey is labeled
With the words that tune my rhyme:
Read him over—you'll discover
Naught but "Once upon a time."

I wander'd to a spot of earth,
Where Fame had crowned the ruin-crags,
Where ravens in their shrieking mirth
Flapp'd their black wings like conquerors' flags
Waving above a battle-field;
Where bat and lizard had allied,
With mole and owlet by their side,



THE PUTNAM PHALANX AT THE TOMB OF GENERAL PUTNAM, BROOKLYN, CONNECTICUT, JUNE [illegible], 1860.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY READ & ROBINSON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

And forced the bulwark foe to yield.
Some phantasy beguiled my sight
With vision of a gorgeous story—
Of jewel'd roof, of halls of light,
Of purple woof, of walls of might,
Of pillar'd temples, thrones of state,
Of pomp and palace, grand and great,
Of people's shouts, of feasting kings,
And all the myriad dazzling things
That haunt the place of faded glory.
—I started, for a frighten'd thrush
Flew from a tuft of sedgy rush,
Then, gazing down, I stepp'd aside
To let the toad crawl back and hide;
A squirrel brood ran up the larch
That sway'd within the oriel arch,
And then my tread disturb'd the rest
Of a wild rabbit in its nest.
I trampled through the dank thick grass,
To catch the bindweed's trailing flowers,
That tied themselves in tangled mass
Across the cracking turret towers.
The topmost battlement was lying
Coequal with the buttress pile;
And dolefully the wind was sighing
Through festive court and priestly aisle.
Time's robe of green was flung about
The mammoth skeleton of strength;
And scatter'd bones of granite stones
Told of its giant breadth and length.
I stood upon a scatter'd heap
Of fragments of the watch-tower Keep;
I wander'd on, and stroll'd across
The banquet-hall, laid down with moss;
I climbed some steps shut out from day,
Till dust and nettles choked my way;
I saw a mushroom springing up
Where royal feet had led the dance;
I saw the foxglove's swinging cup
Where knights had hung their banner'd lance;
And as I gazed I saw a hand—
A wither'd hand—stretch forth and write
A short text fraught with holy thought,
Easy to read by dullest sight.
'Twas plain and terse, but sacred page
Gives naught more simple and sublime,
It soften'd youth, it solaced age,
It mock'd the hero and the sage
In these words—"Once upon a time."

'Twas but yesterday I found
A score of letters, closely bound:
Some were torn in treasured pieces,
Some were worn in careful creases,
Ink had faded, seals had crumbled,
And my heart felt sad and humbled;
For I knew the thoughts, the hopes,
The earnest wish, the brilliant tropes
Those letters hasten'd to reveal
Were symbol'd by the ink and seal.
I opened one—my pulse grew quicker,
My eyelid fell, my breath came thicker;
I traced its lines, close, firm, and clear,
Telling how deeply, fondly dear,
The being was for whose loved sake
That letter came, with *such* a cake.
It gave report of Pincher's health,
It told of Muff's increase of wealth
In five young rabbits, all milk-white,
That Gyp and Dobbin were "all right,"
That Mid-summer would quickly come,
And then for holidays and home.
I gave a gasp, half sob, half sigh,
While Memory's flood-wave filled my eye,
And folded from my misty gaze
My mother and my school-girl days.
I look'd upon another hand,
Bold, free, and dashing in its form;
And then I saw the lee-shore strand,
And heard the passion of the storm
That tore the right arm from its hold,
And flung it nerveless, still and cold,
Upon the rocks, no more to send
Its tidings full of life and joy,
And cheer his childhood's playmate-friend
With letters from the sailor boy.
Another and another scroll
I opened—one by one I read:
I gazed as they who may unroll
A shroud to look upon the dead.
Love, with its ardent vows, was there,
Friendship, that promised to be true,
Words that like summer light and air
Fill'd my heart's world with gold and blue.
Where was the lover? Where the friend?
The bond that was to know no end?
Where was the promise and the vow?
Alas, a yawning gulf of gloom,
Bridged only by the dark gray tomb,
Had open'd wide 'twixt *then* and *now*.
A muffled sound seem'd breathing round,
A mingled tone of merry chime
And funeral knells, but all the bells
Gave chorus of the theme which tells
Sad tales of "Once upon a time."

Come, I will write my epitaph
In letters shadowy and dim,
And though the young strong man may laugh,
'Twill shortly serve as well for him.
Just heap the clay where frost and sun
May help the ivy leaf to climb,
And all I've said, and all I've done,
And all I've lost, and all I've won,
The struggling race that I have run
Shall find full record on the stone
In these few words of solemn tone—
"Once upon a time."

THE PUTNAM PHALANX AT THE GRAVE OF PUTNAM.

WE engrave on the opposite page one of the most interesting ceremonies that ever took place in New England—the gathering of the Putnam Phalanx at the grave of Putnam on 19th ult.

Two years ago, in the City of Hartford, Connecticut, the Putnam Phalanx was organized—a corps consisting of two companies, numbering together some two hundred and fifty, and composed, for the most part, of the intellectually, physically, and pecuniarily "solid men" of that city and its neighborhood. Judged by their stalwart forms, they might be considered the lineal descendants of "Old Put." They have done much, during the two years which have elapsed since their organization, to revive the remembrance of the hero whose name they bear. Some six years ago the Connecticut Legislature appropriated the sum of three thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory, on condition that a like sum should be raised by subscription. One thousand dollars have already been contributed, principally by the descendants of the General; and it was with the design of directing public attention to this matter that the Phalanx made a pilgrimage to his tomb on the 19th ult., the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, in which he was so prominent an actor.

The tomb, a rough structure of granite, surmounted by a horizontal slab of marble, upon which is inscribed the epitaph written by Dr. Dwight,* is in the grave-yard, a short distance south of the village of Brooklyn, Connecticut. In that town (then a part of Pomfret) the General passed the greater part of his life, occupied with the quiet pursuit of agriculture, varied, in his earlier days, by an occasional episode like that of his famous encounter with the wolf—by which he is, perhaps, better known to many than by his more important exploits in after years. In the French war he found the Indians more formidable foes than the wolf. They, having captured him during a sanguinary engagement, bound him to a tree, and were preparing to burn him, when he was rescued by the gallantry and humanity of a French officer. At Bunker Hill, and the siege of Boston, he reappears—the master-spirit in the former terrible conflict; and afterward, when during the siege of the city, the ammunition of the besiegers failed, chafing with impatient energy at the postponement of the assault, and crying, "Powder, powder, ye gods, give me powder!"

A "right-hand man" of Washington through more than three years of the struggle that followed, he was disabled by disease before the close of the war, and returned to his rural home to compulsory rest. He lived, however, to see seven years of his country's freedom—long enough to know that the ship of state, with Washington at the helm, had commenced her life-voyage.

The Phalanx, approaching his humble tomb with slow step and reversed arms, entered the hollow square formed around it by their escort, and an impressive prayer was offered by the chaplain of the corps, followed by a short and eloquent eulogy of Putnam by the Judge-Advocate. Hon. J. W. Stewart, the orator, concluded by reading a spirited poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. Sigourney.

At the close of these ceremonies the Phalanx were grouped together, as our engraving shows them, and photographed. They then returned to the village to enjoy the elegant and generous hospitality of the Brooklyn ladies, and to listen, with the assembled multitude, to a glowing and enthusiastic address, by Hon. H. C. Deming, of Hartford, on the life and services of Putnam. The character of the General could hardly have been intrusted to abler hands; and we may hope that, as one result of this pilgrimage, a monument will soon rise, not so much to perpetuate the memory of the hero as the gratitude of the people.

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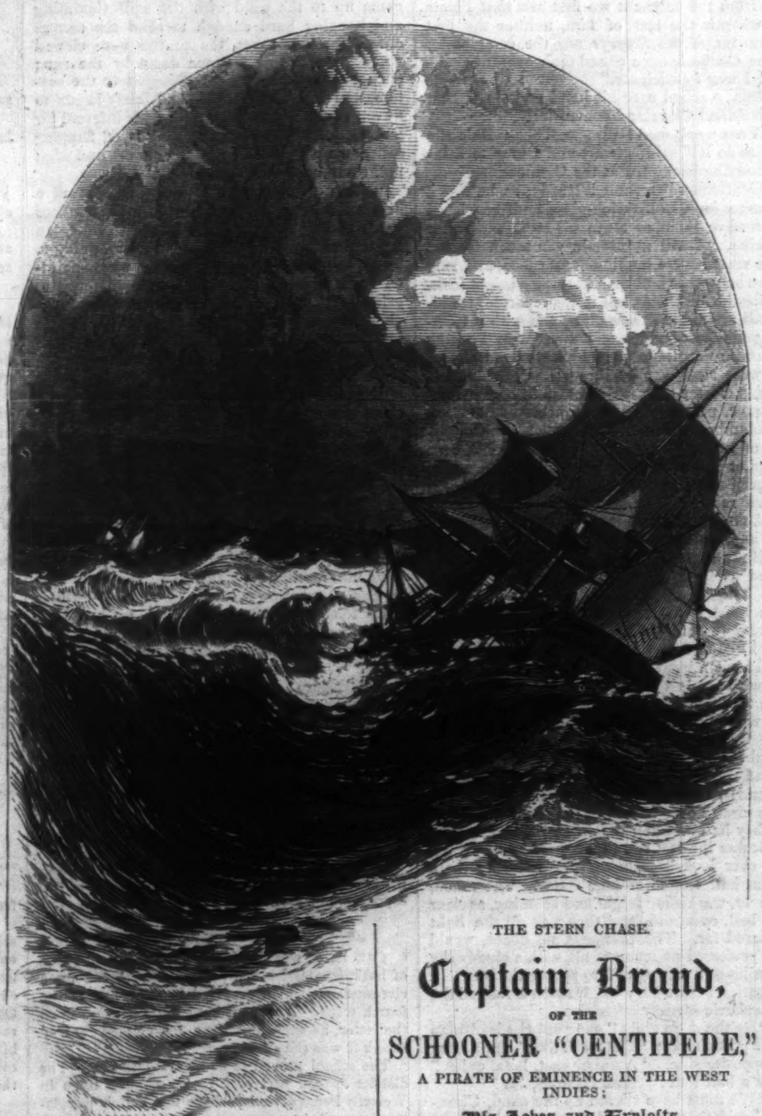
* The epitaph is as follows:

"This monument is erected to the memory of the Honorable Israel Putnam, Esq., Major-General in the Armies of the United States of America, who was born at Salem, in the province of Massachusetts, on the 7th day of January, 1718, and died at Brooklyn, in the State of Connecticut, on the 29th day of May, A.D. 1790.

"Passenger, if thou art a soldier, go not away till thou hast dropped a tear over the dust of a hero, who, ever tenderly attentive to the lives and happiness of his men, dared to lead where any one dared to follow. If thou art a patriot, remember with gratitude how much thou and thy country owe to the disinterested and gallant exertions of the patriot who sleeps beneath this marble. If thou art an honest, generous, and worthy man, render a sincere and cheerful tribute of respect to a man whose generosity was singular, whose honesty was proverbial, and who, with a slender education, with small advantages, and without powerful friends, raised himself to universal esteem, and to offices of eminent distinction, by personal worth, and by the diligent services of a useful life."



THE STERN CHASE.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE CHASE.

"IT was all hands again, gentlemen. The hurricane had settled down into a moderate gale from northeast, though it was some time before the awfully confused sea got to roll regularly. Then we judged ourselves—for reckoning and observation had been out of the question—to be a long way south of Jamaica, and even to the southward of the great Pedro Bank. We did not wait this time for the Pirate to lead us in getting ready for a race, but we got up a bran-new suit of topsails and courses out of the sail-room, and so soon as the men could go aloft with safety, they were ordered not to unbend the few tattered rags still clinging to the yards, but to cut away at once. Up went the topsails and courses, and they were soon brought to the yards and set close-reefed, with a storm-jib to steady the ship forward. Presently we gave her the whole foresail and mainsail, and I think that even then, for some hours, but one-half the corvette's upper works could have been visible as she plunged through the angry heaving seas.

"It left us dry enough, however, to pay some heed to the brigantine ahead of us. She was about four miles off, a little on our weather-bow, and as she rode up—splendid sea-boat that she was—like a gull on the back of a mighty roller, we could see that her bulwarks—mere boards and canvas, probably—had been washed away, the house between her masts gone too, and, no doubt, her long gun or whatever else had been lying hid under it. And now she was once more the schooner *Centipede*, long and sharp and without any rail to speak of, so that we could see her deck from the stem to her taffrail at every lurch she made. The only difference in her appearance was a short foremast with cross-trees and a topmast for square sails. Almost as soon as our topsail sheets were hauled home her own yards went up and the sail was spread, while with the bonnet off her foresail, the whole jib and a close-reefed mainsail, we both went flying to the southward with the gale a point abaft the beam.

"So we went on, the sea getting more regular every hour, so that we could send up the top-gallant masts, get the yards across, shake a reef or two out, and put the *Scourge* in order. The schooner needed no encouragement from us, but cracked on more sail until her long mainmast reeled and bent over as she came up on the breaking ridge of a wave, like a whip-stalk. By noon the clouds had gone and left us a clear sky with the gale going down into a full top-gallant breeze, sending the corvette along good eleven knots. We got an observation for latitude, and five hours later we determined the longitude and our position to be a few leagues to leeward of the Sarrana Keys, with that bird of a schooner before us heading for the Mosquito coast.

"If we had caught a cataract of water as it rolled in our bows in the morning, the schooner was taking her bath in the afternoon, for occasionally, for five minutes at a time, there was nothing seen of her deck and only the masts and broad white canvas above, like jury-sticks out of a raft. But when she did slide up with her low, long hull shooting clean out of water till nearly half her keel, with the copper sheathing flashing in the sun, was visible, she looked like a dolphin making a spring after a shoal of flying-fish. And then on her narrow deck we could see a few fellows lashed about the foremast and a couple more abaft steering her like a thread through a needle.

"We began to gain upon her now, and whenever she kept more away before the wind the gap between us closed more rapidly; for the ship could evidently outcarry the schooner, and had the breeze freshened and the sea kept up we could have run her under if her masts didn't go out of her, as we hoped and expected every minute they would. Gradually, however, she watched her chance and hauled up till she brought the wind barely abeam and steered true for the Musketeers—a bad cluster of low keys nearly surrounded by as terrible ledges and reefs as any to be found in the Caribbean sea.

"He was evidently bent upon playing a desperate game, but if he thought he would not find another ready to lay down the same stake, he was greatly mistaken! It was about sunset when we made the keys, and there we went—the schooner leading us about a mile—at a rate which would have made both vessels leap clear over the first ledge they struck, and perhaps have thrown somersaults of us into the bargain. I asked the Captain, who had never left my side on the poop, if we should keep on.

"'Yes, Sir,' he replied, 'so long as we have a gun and a plank to float it!'

"And, by Saint Paul! we kept on. And there was not a soul on board the *Scourge*, from the drummer-boy up, who did not agree with the Captain. How those villains on board the Pirate relished this decision we could only surmise; but at all risks he held his course with a nerve that might have made the devil himself shudder.

"By this time the sun was well down and a brilliant moon was riding high in the heavens; but as bright as it was, the fellow who commanded that schooner required an eye as keen as an albatross and a hand as steady as an iron bar to guide his craft in the direction he was going—too late for either of us to think of hauling off.

"He must, too, have had a thorough knowledge of the reefs and keys, and trusted, perhaps, if he got clear himself that the corvette, drawing eighteen feet water and ignorant of the channel, might touch something which would throw the game in his hands. Our men had the ropes stretched along tho decks and the battery clear on both sides, so as to be ready to wear, or tack, or fire, as our pilot ahead might require.

"The reefs were to leeward of the string of low keys, which made the water comparatively smooth, though the wind still swept strongly over us and sang through the rigging; and it was here the *Centipede* entered, going like wild pigeons the pair of us. The outer reef had a fair, deep passage, and so had the next; but the inner one presented but one narrow gate-way, scarcely wide enough for a ship to scrape through, with the whole reef one uninterrupted fringe of black, pointed rocks and roaring white breakers, which toppled over and boiled and eddied like a thousand whirlpools into the smoother water inshore.

"As the *Centipede's* stern gave a sharp pitching jerk when she entered this boiling gorge, we saw, in the moonlight, her head yards laid square, the fore and aft sails flowing in the sheets as she fell off with wide wings and the wind on her quarter, and flew down inside the reef.

"Five minutes after we too entered this maelstrom chasm, and, though the helm was hove hard up, and the after-sails shivered, yet before the *Scourge's* bows, going at the rate she was, could turn the sharp angle of that water-gate, her port bilge grated against a coral ledge and grooved and broomed the planks and copper away like so much sea-weed! But yet that slight graze never stopped us a hair's weight, and with additional sail, we rushed after our pilot, mile after mile, through reef, ledge, breakers, inlets, and keys, now braced sharp up, and again going free, until at last the fellow, having run us a dance of full ten miles, once more emerged into the open water, close jammed on the wind, steering nearly due east.

"There, Hardy," exclaimed the Commodore, "I am tired of talking; suppose you take up the thread of the yarn. Domino, another bottle of Tinta!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE WRECK OF THE "CENTIPEDE."

Piron turned his gaze toward the first lieutenant, moved away the full glasses of wine which he had never raised to his lips since the Commodore began, and, resting his bloodless cheek on his other hand, listened.

"It's vera interesting indeed." "Tear an' ages, boy! Fire away!" quoth the Scotchman and his Milesian crony in a breath.

Hardy threw his arm over the shoulder of Harry Darcantel, as if it was a pleasant Corinthian column to lean upon, and breaking off the ashes of his cigar on the rim of a wine-glass which he had specially devoted to that purpose, he forthwith began:

"I am quite confident, gentlemen, that I can not describe what afterward took place so well as Commodore Cleveland; but, at all events, I'll do my best. Nor do I remember very distinctly the events of the night after we got out of the Musketeers Keys; for I was pretty well fagged out myself, and all of us who had the watch below turned in to take the first wink of sleep we could catch for forty hours.

"The next morning, however, when I took the deck, I found the corvette under royals and flying-jib, with a fresh trade-wind blowing from about east-northeast, and a smooth sea; though close-hauled as we were, and going ten knots, the spray was flying well up the weather leech of the foresail. The *Centipede* was about a mile and a half ahead, jammed on the wind, and trying all she could to eat the wind out of us; but, as the Commodore there said at the time, he had thrown that trick away when he cut off eight or ten feet of his foremast and made a brigantine of the craft, so that he could not brace his head yards sharper or lie nearer the wind than we did.

"I remember, also, that two or three of the officers and half a hundred of the sailors were very anxious to pitch shot at the chase from the long eighteen in the weather bridle port; but the Captain refused, and said we might lose a cable's length or two in yawing off to fire, and it would be better to save the powder until we could slam a broadside into him. But all the while that *Centipede* was handled and steered in such a thorough seamanlike manner, and proved herself such a beautiful sea-boat, that I doubt if there was a man on board the *Scourge* who would not have given a year's pay to have taken her whole, and only expended a spare topmast-studding-sail halliards for the necks of her crew.

"From the top-gallant forecastle we could see every thing that took place on the schooner's deck: sometimes a lot of fellows forward reeving some fresh gear, peering about the low bowsprit, or putting on a seizing to a traveler on the jib-stay; with a chap or two aloft stitching a chafing-mat on the lee backstays; and then aft a man shinning up the main shrouds with a tin pot hung around his neck, greasing the jaws of the main gaff, and twitching a wrinkle out of the gaff-topsail, so that it would lie as flat as this dining-room table set on end.

"But always, from the very first moment we descried her—before the hurricane and afterward—there were two fellows abaft by the taffrail. One a large fat man, in a long dark dress, who appeared at times to be leaning over the rail as if he was sea-sick; and the other a spare tall-built fellow, who sat there with a quadrant in his hands and smoking cigars, measuring the distance between the two vessels as if he were a government surveyor and especially appointed to make a hydrographical chart of the Caribbean Sea. Occasionally, too, we could see him approach the binnacle, spread a chart on the deck at his feet, examine it closely with a pair of dividers in his hands, and then he would return to his seat on the taffrail, cigar in his mouth and quadrant to his eye as before.

"Nor were we idle on board the *Scourge*; for when the breeze lulled we slacked up the lower rigging and stays, got down all extra weight and hamper from the tops, sent the watch below to the berth-deck with a round shot apiece in their hammocks, moved a couple of carronades about the spar-deck till we got the ship in the best sailing trim, and then we went skipping and springing through the water with the elasticity of an India-rubber ball.

"At noon the sailing-master reported the position of the ship to be two hundred and eighty miles from the nearest land, which was the Darien Coast. So all that day and all that night, with a moon to make a lover weep to see, we went bowling after our waspish consort in hopes before long of taking the sting out of her. No kite ever pursued its quarry with a keener eye than we did. No hound ever leaped after a wolf with the froth streaming from his jaws and blood-red, thirsty eyes, than did the *Scourge* chase that infamous Pirate. The delay only made our eyes sparkle and our teeth sharper in expectation; for we knew we would have our prey sooner or later, and it was only a bite and a pleasure deferred.

"The next morning and all the day there was no change to speak of in our respective positions. The *Centipede* went skimming on over the water with every thread of canvas she could spread, reeling over on her side at times when the breeze freshened, while the spray flashed up joyously and sparkled in the sun, leaving a bubbling current of foam in her wake; which, before it had been entirely lost in the regular waves of the sea, the corvette's sharp bows would plunge into, and again make it flash high up to her fore-yard, and then go seething and hissing and kissing her black sides until it rippled around her rudder and was lost again in the wake astern.

"And all the time that man sat with a cigar in his mouth on the Pirate's taffrail; while Commodore Cleveland there stood with a spy-glass to his eye on the poop of the *Scourge*.

"You may imagine, gentlemen," continued Hardy, as he again knocked the ashes off his cigar, "that going to sea is attended with some few discomforts, such as battening down the hatches in a sirocco in the Mediterranean off Tripoli; a simoom in the China seas; a bitter northwest gale off Barnegat, with the rigging and sails frozen as hard as an iceberg; but if a man can catch forty winks of sleep once in a while—whether in a hammock or on an oak carronade slide with the breech of a gun for a pillow—he may manage to weather through it. But from the moment we first saw that Pirate till we saw the last of him, neither the first lieutenant of the *Scourge* nor the commander of the *Centipede* once closed their eyes, unless—well, I won't anticipate."

Piron reached over his hand and shook that of his friend Cleveland convulsively.

"Vera weel, mon! vera weel!" "He's the man to do it!" said Stewart and Burns to Stingo, nodding backward at the Commodore.

"Gentlemen," resumed Hardy, as he shook the ashes level in his wine-glass, as if he wished to preserve them to clean his teeth with after smoking, "I will not detain you much longer. Both vessels were making great speed, and long before sunset we had been keeping a bright look-out for the land. At last it was reported, trending all around both bows, low and with a trembling mirage of pines and mangroves looming up, and a multitude of rocky keys dead ahead. We were steering directly for Las Mulatas Islands, a cluster then little known to any navigators save, perhaps, the Buccaneers of the Gulf of Columbus, and perhaps, too, with the intention of running us just such another dance as our pilot had a night or two before. However, we were again all prepared to explore the unknown reefs, and, moreover, we got the starboard anchor off the bow and bent the cables to that and the spare anchors amidships, so as to be all ready to moor ship in case our pilot required us to do so. And likewise the cutters were hanging clear from the davits—the same boats which had once before paid a complimentary visit to some of his friends—supposing he would like to entertain us in person.

"The sun went down again in a fiery blaze, and with its last ray there slowly rose to the main truck of the Pirate a swallow-tailed black flag, with a white skull and cross-bones in the dark field. It fluttered for a moment out straight and clear, and then twisted itself around the thin mast never more to be released by hands or halliards! That was the last glimpse those pirates ever caught of the murderous symbol they had so often fought and sailed under; and it was the last sun that a good many aching eyes ever looked upon who were sailing there in that half league of blue water. The moon, however, was riding bright and beaming, as clear as a bell, overhead, and that was all the light we cared for. The *Centipede*, no doubt, would have preferred no moon at all, with a cloudy sky and a bit of a rain squall, to pursue the intricate navigation before her; but Heaven arranged the atmospheric scenery otherwise.

"'By the deep eight!' sung out the leadsman in the port chains; 'The mark five!' came from the opposite side. 'Another cast, lads, quick!' 'And a half four!' 'Six fathoms, Sir!'

"'We must have stirred up the sand, Cleveland,' said the Captain; but even as he spoke the man in the starboard chains cried, 'Three fathoms, Sir!' and while each instant we expected the ship to bring up all standing and the masts to go by the board, the other leadsman sung out, joyfully, 'No bottom with the line, Sir!'

"Well, we were safely through that bed of coral, doing, no doubt, some trifling damage to the tender shoots and branches as we flew through a narrow channel, with the waves breaking and moaning on the sandy shores over the keys, out into deep water again.

"Four or five miles beyond stood out a bluff rock, looking in the moonlight like a dozing lion with his paws crossed before him, ready to bound upon any who should approach his lair in the dense jungle of pines and tangled thickets which stood up like a bristling mane on the ridge behind.

"The *Centipede* was now but a short half mile ahead of us, her deck alive with men, and manifestly ready for some desperate devilment. On her after rail, too, stood that man, tall and erect, his feet steadied by the cavil of the main-boom, a spy-glass to his eye, and looking at the rocky lion now close aboard him. Still with a cigar in his mouth, and we thought we could even see the thin puffs of smoke curling around his face. Suddenly, too, we saw the spy-glass whirled around his head, and at the instant the vessel fell dead off before the wind, the great mainsail flew over with a stunning crash and clatter of blocks and sheets as the wind caught it on the other quarter, making the long switch of a mast to spring like a bow, while the weather shrouds slacked up for a moment in bights and then came back taut with a twang you might have heard a mile! We could now see, as the space opened behind the rock, another frightful jagged ledge, on which the rollers were heaving in liquid masses high up a precipitous rock, and where the channel was not a cable's length wide, leading into a foaming gloomy inlet where not even the beams of the moon could penetrate! I heard the Captain say, in his old decided way,

"'Now for it, Cleveland! You take the battery, and I'll look out for the ship!'

"Then, gentlemen," said Hardy, with unusual animation, as he waved his right arm aloft with an imaginary cutlass swinging over his head, "came the word 'Fire!'

"Yes, the entire starboard broadside, round shot, grape, and canister, all pointed toward a centre, were delivered with one simultaneous shock—the hurricane a mere cat's-paw in comparison—which shook the corvette as if she had struck a rock, while the smoke and sheets of flame spouted out from the cannon, half hiding the black torrent which gushed forth from so many hoarse throats; and as the roar of the concussion was taken up in terrible echoes from the lion on the rock, a peppering volley of musket-balls from the marines on the poop and forecastle made a barking tenor to the music.

"Meanwhile the helm of the *Scourge* was hove hard down, and as she just swirled, by a miracle, clear of the ledge under our lee, and came up to the wind with the sails slamming and banging hard enough to send the canvas out of the bolt ropes, the courses were clewed up, every thing aloft came down by the run; anchor after anchor went plunging to the bottom, and before the cables had fairly begun to fly out of the hawse-holes with their infernal jar and rattle, high above the sounds of flapping sails, snapping blocks, running chains, and what not, came another clear order, 'Fire!'

"Then pealed out the port broadside at a helpless, dismasted hull: within two hundred yards of our beam, rolling like a worm-eaten log on the top of a ruffled broad roller, going to break, in ten seconds, on the ledge, whose pointed rocks stood up like black toothed fangs to grind its prey to atoms! But before the fangs closed upon it our own teeth gave it a shake; and as the breath of our bull-dogs was swept aft by the fresh breeze, we could see the sluggish mass almost rise bodily out of water as it was torn and split by the round iron wedges, the fragments flying up in dark, ragged strips and splinters with squirming ropes around them, looking, in the moonlight, like skeletons of gibbeted pirates tossed gallows and chains into the air, and then coming down in dips and splashes into the unforgiving water.

"A minute later, all that was left of the shattered hull fell broadside into the open fangs of the ledge, which ground it with its merciless jaws into toothpicks. But in all the lively music and destruction going on around us—which takes longer to tell than to act—we heard no human voice save one, and that came in a loud terrified yell amidst the crunching roar of the ledge,

"'O Madre! Madre Dolorosa!'

"This, gentlemen, was the last sound that came from the piratical schooner *Centipede*."

"COME FORWARD AND BE WHIPPED!"

"Ogden, *September* 9, 1858.

"*James Carruthers, Esq.*:

"Dear Sir,—I will take the situation you offer me on the terms proposed. As you know, it will be my first experience in a public school; but I will do what I can.

"Yours, truly,
"Frank Blagden."

The letter would have gone to the long home of business-epistles many a month ago but for a circumstance which occurred in the course of the fourth week. An event having no bearing upon the letter, as such, but upon the engagement of which it was the clincher.

The school proved to be a turbulent one. The district formed part of a rough country town in Western Pennsylvania, where the Dutch population were being perpetuated in genuine Dutch boys and girls of all sizes.

At first Mr. Blagden tried the milder methods. Carrying himself with composure and dignity, he overlooked every offense which it was possible to ignore, substituting remonstrance for correction, and trusting to his own equanimity, and the better sense of his pupils, to bring about a gradual change in the temper of the school.

At the end of the second week he became conscious of rather a brief supply of patience. The fact is, the fullest reservoir will run dry at length, under never-ending leakages.

"I think I shall have to take some of the big boys down a notch or two before long."

This was said at the breakfast table.

"You don't look much like doin' it," said the head of the family.

"Why not?"

"I should say you didn't weigh more'n a hundr'd an' twenty to Bill Stokes's hundr'd an' fifty, and Tom Troop's hundr'd an' sixty," rejoined the statistical host.

Mr. Blagden expressed the opinion that some things were better than weight.

"What?"

"Why, science and stimulus."

"Science is a good thing, I'll 'low; but as for stimulus, the less of *that* you drink the better. Whisky makes a man *think* he can whip all creation; but he can't *do* half so much as he can without it. Better let your 'stimulus' alone."

"I mean the stimulus of determination—the stimulus a man's brain puts into his muscles."

Mr. Carruthers shook his head dubiously. "Don't know any thin' about that; but you'd better look out for them boys. They's desp'rate fellers." Afterward Mr. C., happening to look up, noticed a certain something in Blagden's eye and about his mouth that made him think he might have underrated the prowess of the young master. The fact is, Blagden had forgotten his breakfast for the instant and was going through the fight in imagination.

The third week went by without any decided rupture. One thing was becoming clear, however. The milder methods were failing in their effect upon a certain portion of the school. While the majority were catching the spirit of self-respect, were being made better and self-governing, a few were left upon whom these influences were quite powerless. They must be met with other weapons.

It was now the fourth week. In the middle of the forenoon, when the tap of the bell had suggested the first movement of the first class in practical arithmetic, Bill Stokes sat doggedly in his seat, looking up under his eyebrows with a pair of eyes containing a large quantity of devil.

"Take your place in the order, William."

"I won't."

The master saw that this was the point of conflict between himself and two or three rather desperate and powerful characters. The unruly boys began to wink and nudge each other. The girls turned pale. The smaller scholars began to cry.

A wave of his hand seated the class which had risen to advance.

"Come forward, William."

The stout fellow came into the floor.

"Did you intend to disobey me?"

"Yes."

"Will you not be governed by the rules of the school?"

"Not by a darned sight." The other boys laughed at this specimen of brilliant insolence.

"There is the door, Sir."

"No, you don't. I'm goin' to pound you into a jelly fust;" and Bill Stokes turned up his sleeves about his brawny wrists.

The young master remembered where he was; and so turning to the big boys of the school he asked, "Fair play or foul?"

"Fair play," said the chorus.

Thereupon Bill Stokes drew himself back and leveled a heavy blow, which, being dodged by the master, only cut the air. The next moment he was flat on the floor. The contest was not very unequal, however, for the big boy was dogged and tough.

It is slightly difficult to carry one's self with perfect self-possession through a contest of this nature; for a stinging rap in the face is a powerful quickener of the will, adding not a little to the species of "stimulus" to which Blagden had referred in the morning. He may have carried the war too far. Perhaps he pursued his advantage, after having virtually conquered. At any rate, a young girl sprang from her seat and rushed between them, clasping the master's arms, and bursting into tears. The young man's muscles relaxed, and, rising from his prostrate antagonist, he lifted the girl to her feet, and became calm again.

This contest settled the question of supremacy. The young master thought it best, however, to follow it up with a definiteness and strictness of rules. Hence, the next morning, he quietly announced that whispering was thenceforth forbidden, and that the penalty of a single violation would be a feruling upon the hand.

Two hours passed in great quietude.

"Buzz-z-z" from a corner of the room.

The master looked up. All was still.

"Who whispered?"

No answer.

The master became stern.

"The scholar that whispered then will come forward and be punished."

Sweeping his eye across that portion of the school-room, he could not positively detect the culprit. A pale, half-sickly face looked paler than usual, but it could not be her. One face was flushed and anxious, but it might be fear for a friend. One little girl began to cry; and one—the peacemaker of the previous day—sat and looked into his eyes with a very strange expression, but it *couldn't* be Mira; and the master felt a sinking at the heart as the possibility flashed upon him.

The poor sickly child laid her face upon the desk and wept.

"The pupil who broke the rule will come forward and be punished," he repeated.

It was the master's turn to tremble now; for Mira, looking like any thing but a culprit—pale, but with a sort of radiance in her sweet face, rose in her seat, and walked down the aisle.

Poor Mr. Blagden! When Bill Stokes stalked out into the floor on the previous day the master had half-relished the prospective conflict. But here was Mira, the light and life of that village school—Mira!—unclasping the pale girl's arm from her little round waist, and coming easily down the aisle, the little pink-spotted lawn rising under her throat with the least perceptible flutter, and her eyes fixed on the master with a look which went to his soul. Mira!

Mr. Bladgen drew a deep breath, felt the blood forsaking his face, and rushing and eddying about his heart. He looked around the school-room. Every eye was upon him.

Mira held out her hand, and the drapery sleeve of the pink lawn fell away from an arm such as artists watch for. It was a little hand, white, light, velvety. The master held the tips of the taper fingers, and lifted the ferule. While he poised the instrument in the breathless hush the little hand twitched once with the least possible nervousness. His eye forsook the hand and followed along the wrist, down the arm to the elbow. He now glanced at the little round waist, and then into the eyes. It was a dangerous journey for those eyes of his. The ferule came down from its eyrie without touching the hand.

"Take your seat, Mira."

The master stepped to his desk, and tapped the bell. The books were put in their places. Another tap, and the pupils defiled from the room. The pale girl lingered by the desk, and while they were marching out, murmured through her sobs:

"It was me who whispered."

"You?"

"Yes, me; and Mira didn't whisper a bit."

Blagden sat at his desk when the school-room was empty and still, and wrote Mr. Carruthers another letter.

"DEAR SIR,—I resign my situation to-day.
"Yours truly, FRANK BLADGEN."

And then he wrote another:

"Mira, my good and noble pupil, I am going away. I shall not teach any more any where. I shall come and see you by-and-by, if you will not forget your teacher while he is gone.
"FRANK BLADGEN."

Mira did not forget him while he was gone, as he knew very well, when he came back, the moment he saw her face and felt the flutter of her little hand.

When he asked Mira to give him that little hand she was still a long, long time, but at last looked up with an arch smile and tears, and said: "Won't you ferule it?"

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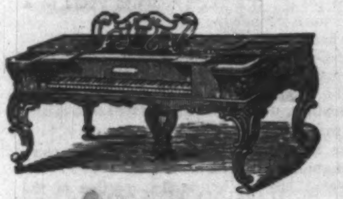

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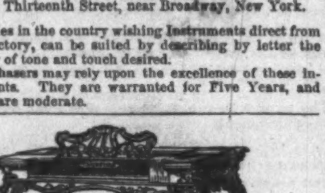

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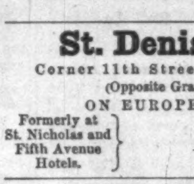

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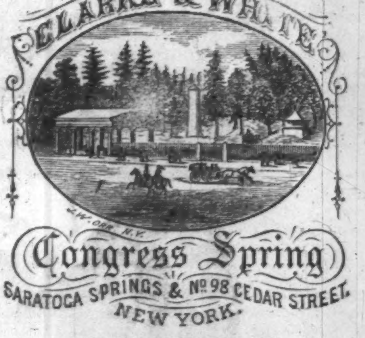

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